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At the Theatres.



The Madison Square and Casino have had the field all to themselves the greater part of this Summer, and both have profited greatly by the exclusive privilege. After this week, however, a bunch of rivals will enter the arena, and from the preparations that are making we confidently say the competition will be extremely lively. Competition means prosperity, for it is the life of the theatres as well as of trade.

A large audience gathered at the Windsor Monday evening to see *The White Slave*. Strictly speaking, this is the weakest of all of Burley Campbell's plays. The plot is rubbish, the *actif* silly, the sentiment cheap and the *comique* cynical. *Life's little clap-trap*. It is one of those peculiar pieces which presents to the uplifted mind *'la raison d'être*, but which, nevertheless, satisfies the cravings of the masses. Taking the box office receipts as the criterion of dramatic excellence, *The White Slave* is a most successful work. And after all, the main purpose of the drama is to entertain the public. "The greatest amusement to the greatest number" is the communistic principle which actuates the playwrights of to-day. While the discreet few may deplore this condition of things because of the far from exalted state of public taste, the fact remains that it will exist until such time as the mass of theatre-goers develop a higher grade of intelligence and demand an improvement in the quality of their theatrical pabulum. That trash holds the boards is no fault of our dramatic anthros. The blame must be laid on the people who have stomach for nothing better.

The company engaged in representing *The White Slave* is a good one, taken all round. Julian Stuart makes as much as possible out of the more or less absurd character of Lisa. This actress is pretty, and possesses considerable talent for emotional business. Jennie Morton displayed cleverness in the part she acted in the original cast of this play at Haverly's. The Clay of Mr. Dillon and the Lacy of Frank Foster were satisfactory performances. Thomas Burns created considerable mirth as the lawyer. The scenery was adequate, the sensational river tableau being especially well done. During the Summer interim Messrs. Murtha and Stevens have renovated their theatre, and the fresh and bright appearance it presents was the cause of much favorable comment in the audience.

At the Madison Square *The Rajah* goes on the even tenor of its way rejoicing. The comedy has many delightful features, and grows more enjoyable on intimate acquaintance. The curious and ingenious blending of humor and melodrama is perhaps the greatest point of novelty Mr. Young's piece contains. The audiences continue to be of goodly proportions, and the "take" betokens no falling off for next week, when three severally formidable attractions will be added to the list already before the public to choose from. Rillie Deane is again in the cast, assuming her part of Gladys Wyant with rare taste and naturalness. Mr. Pitt is winning laurels for himself and the house as the principal figure of the comedy, and the management are to be congratulated on having secured a thoroughly capable actor to bear *The Rajah's* banner aloft in the provinces this season. There are no signs of an immediate change of bill at the Madison Square. There are several pieces in hand, all of which are set down for production; but even yet there seems to be nothing definite settled as to the order in which they are to be presented. We are inclined to believe Elsie Deane still has the call, but when questioned the M. S. Directory wag their heads and look mysteriously wise.

The business at the Casino is simply phenomenal. Nearly every night the house is filled in every part, and on several occasions as many as one thousand admissions have been sold to late-comers after the opera is half finished. This alone shows the attractive qualities of the roof garden. Prince Methusalem has certainly made hit, and it is likely to run through the month of September. The Casino is a unique place of amusement, and its beauty has attained a fame which has travelled all over the land, and country visitors consider it as much a point to inspect Mr. Aronoff's enterprise as to drive through Central Park. There will be several comic opera houses open this season, but the Casino is so easily constituted that its directors can afford to smile on their rivals. Rumors of General McCall's achievements in the way of mounting foreign artists of distinction are afloat at the site. But we have no anxiety on

the score of their truth or falsity, because the company of favorites the Colonial identity has, and which has developed to a state of excellence, is quite good enough to suit the most exacting lover of bright music and brilliant acting.

The *Mulligan Guard Hall* is repeating its old success at the Casino. All other reviews are postponed indefinitely for the present. It is a significant fact that the people composing the audience at this house are largely representative of intelligence and fashion. It has become "the thing" to go to Haverly and Hart's, the only theatre in this city where a phase of real New York life—low life, to be sure—is faithfully and entertainingly illustrated. By-and-bye we hope to see some other theatre devoted to the selection of American society. As yet only the underworld has found a place on any stage. Are our manners as a people so bad that we cannot have, like England, a comedy of manners? *O temps, O mœurs!*

Everything that beauty and activity can do to court our success is being done for *Vera* at the Union Square, by the management, Miss Prescott and Oscar Wilde. The scenery, while embodying no spectacular features, is picturesque and painted in excellent style. The costumes to be worn by the star are admirably designed, and they appear to elicit favorable comment from the crowds that enjoy a free peep at them in the window of a large dry-goods house on Broadway. Rehearsals, which are held frequently, are perfecting the company, and a smooth representation of the play may be expected on Monday night, when its fate will be promptly known. We trust for the sake of both author and star that the result will equal their hopeful anticipations. Wilde is a remarkably clever man, and Miss Prescott is an equally clever woman. If Wilde only holds his end up as well as we know Miss Prescott will uphold hers, the *premiere* is likely to prove decidedly interesting.

Excelsior will attract a fair share of attention on Monday night. The spectacle has had the benefit of liberal expenditure and experienced direction. If it does not create a *furore* the fault cannot be laid at the doors of the *frères Kiralfy*. The exhibition is a tremendous success in Paris, which is the best possible reason for believing it will duplicate those triumphs here. The Parisian and New York publics have much in common so far as dramatic matters are concerned. We take kindly to their plays and actors. Accordingly, we are likely to receive *Excelsior*, the mammoth spectacle, with open arms.

The Devil's Auction, to be produced at Haverly's (hereafter to be known as the Fourteenth Street Theatre) on Saturday evening, although set down for only a fortnight's run, will be in all probability one of the sensations of the early season. The scenery is gorgeous and all new; the ballet numbers seventy, with three *premieres*; the dresses are resplendent; the novelties are real novelties, and the specialties are selected with great care. Unless we are much mistaken, *The Devil's Auction* bids fair to rival *The Black Crook*, if it has time allowance. Should the spectacle "catch on," it would be a shame to choke it off in New York with but two weeks.

The Musical Mirror.

Mr. Pratt's "Lyrical Drama," as it is called on the bills, will be offered for public approval or condemnation on Monday next. We have, in anticipation of that event, and for lack of employment in this, musically, barren time of year, most carefully perused the published vocal and piano-forte score, in which we boldly assert that there are more clerical errors in any one page than in the whole of any other work we have ever seen. Sharps for naturals, and naturals for sharps, are among the least wicked of the typographical crimes with which the book abounds. Why did not Mr. Pratt get some competent person to correct the proofs? It would have been much to his benefit to have done so. In ordinary composition, worked out on the usual lines of thought, an error or two matters but little, as the reader can very easily see what is the matter and correct it; but in such very peculiar modulation as Mr. Pratt relishes, sliding among the keys like an eel, it is a hard task for the most expert in musical tergiversation to tell whether the queer note is a slip of the graver or only one of the composer's original ideas; therefore, the proof should have been carefully corrected. It is hardly fair to prejudge anything, above all a dramatic work; and we reserve our criticism upon the stage effect of *Zenobia* till we hear it performed; but the composition, as a musical work merely, is patent to all who can read music, and therefore it is quite just to express an opinion after having honestly examined the score—just as it is perfectly fair to criticise the literary merits of a play without having seen it acted. Everybody knows that effect on the stage is one of those mysterious things that, as Lord Dundreary says, "nobody can find out." A work may be charming in the close, and dull upon the stage, or inversely—dull to read and effective when acted. Therefore, we hold it quite on the cards that *Zenobia* may take the public by storm. Nevertheless, if the music of *Zenobia* be good music, then must the music left to us by Mozart, Gluck, Weber, Handel, be all bad music. To begin, there is no original them in the whole opera. Trovatore, Rienzi, Aida, and—hallo!—have lent

bits of their contriving to make up the music that Mr. Pratt calls concerted music. The only bit of real tune that is to be discovered "in the most profound" is the Egyptian lullaby "Lassie," which is very quaint and of characteristic cadence, but which, unhappily, ourselves have heard sung in India, more years ago than we care to count. It is what the Hindus call a "Ghazal," pronounced "Ghant," and is of the same species as the celebrated "Tara taru taru taru," or the dance-drummed in the Passion music which Mr. Salmi Morse unashamedly claimed to have brought from Syrian convents, but which is known familiarly by every Nautch Wallah from Calcutta to Kooch.

Comparatively few people in New York have lived in Hindoo, and even if there could be found Americans who had trod in India, the utter indifference to anything save business and politics that is the proud prerogative of our commercial citizens would prevent them from paying sufficient attention to the native music of India to be able to recognize it when translated by Mr. Pratt; but we venture to assert that were *Zenobia* performed in London or Liverpool there would be found hundreds of "old Indians" to start up and claim it as an ancient acquaintance—as familiar in Calcutta, Bombay or Madras as is "Home, Sweet Home" in New York, Boston or Philadelphia. And we take this opportunity to offer for public competition among "original" American composers a choice selection of Hindoo, Persian, Chinese, Australian (aboriginal), Maori, Fiji and other melodies, collected by ourselves during our weary wandering to and fro seeking whom we might devour, at the very moderate price of one dollar per puzzle—plain; two-fifty, colored.

A judicious use of these "flies from Heaven, or blasts from Hell," according to location, will give great character and local color to original American composition, and aid materially the musical future of our country, a future that no sane man can doubt must be glorious when already we can point to such composers as Root, whose sublime oratorio of Esther is "ekaled by few and excelled by none"; Rice, whose light operas, such as *Pop and Evangeline*, place the school of American Opera Comique on such a different level from the efforts of Offenbach, Lecocq or Sullivan, Steve Foster, whose wonderful contrapuntal skill is made so evident in his great *jesse concertato*, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming"; or, though last but not least—the great Wagnerian and musician of the future, Pratt, whose work, pronounced by the "best authority, that of the author and composer, to be the only really serious work ever done in America, and the Brindisi, in which is stated by the same incontrovertible authority, to be 'the only real drinking chorus ever written,' will dawn, or rather burst upon us at the Twenty-third Street Theatre—late the shrine of another great American work, the sacred epic of the Passion, which, likewise on the authority of its author, Mr. Salmi Morse, is stated to be the only really serious and grand work ever done in America. We wish, however, better success in attracting the public to the great Pratt than befall the great Morse—and so wish him good speed till Monday.

The Composer of Estrella.

Luscombe Searell, an English composer, is here, and is quite enthusiastic over his comic opera *Estrella*; which had a successful run at the Folies Dramatiques and is praised by forty critics on the London papers. He said to a MIRROR reporter Monday:

"I anticipate negotiating with Mr. Rice for the production of *Estrella* at Boston, but am in no hurry to dispose of it. It must be done by an efficient company, as I don't wish it killed by inferior representation. Providing I cannot get the right terms and satisfaction from managers here, and do not succeed in securing a good company for its production under my own care, I will take back to England the three hundred costumes I've imported and re-fit the company there for a tour of the English provinces. *Estrella* is on the style of *Olivette*, *Mascotte*, *Grand Duchesse* and *Le Petit Duke*.

"Many of the English comic operas of to-day are imitations of Gilbert and Sullivan, but those gentlemen have that particular field entirely to themselves, and it is impossible for any to rival them.

"The cast that presented it at the London house Manager McCaull wished to transport to this country, but it found impossible. It included W. S. Rising, an Ohio boy from Lancaster and a fine singer. Mr. Rising has been engaged by John McCaull and will come to America this season. It is also reported that Mr. McCaull has secured Fred Leslie. Now, Mr. Leslie told me, previous to sailing, that it was his desire to enter the legitimate field and that he might do so at the close of his engagement; that nothing could induce him to come to America and his greatest ambition is to play Romeo and like heroes; so I don't think Mr. McCaull will get him."

"It is understood he has gone in search of another prima donna?"

"He won't find one. Their scarcity is one of the strangest and most remarkable things imaginable."

"Then you think he will not succeed in bringing over Miss St. John?"

"I think he will. She is anxious to come and will do so for a liberal salary. She would create a furore here with her innocent wickedness. She says and does the boldest things on

the stage and yet in such a perfectly innocent manner that one cannot take offence."

"What do you think of Miss Russell's London venture?"

"A very flattering success, and should St. John leave, I am sure Miss Russell would be the leading attraction inside of six months."

"How long will you remain in America?"

"I'll have a month or two, and if Emma is nicely disposed of, and proves a success, I will return to England to produce a new opera I am now writing and under-contract to have ready on a certain date. Then I may return during the season."

The Plays of the Season.

"I am perfectly willing to tell you all I know and a due portion of what I think of the plays promised us for next season," said Mr. Cazauran to a representative of THE MIRROR.

"Do you consider them good ones?"

"That depends upon what you call good," replied Mr. Cazauran. "If you call a play good that possesses qualities which please the masses and fill the treasures of managers, I certainly do think that several of the plays to be produced this Fall are unusually good."

"What plays are to be produced?"

"*Storm-Beaten*, at the Union Square Theatre; *The Pave de Paris*, to be produced either at the Standard or the Fifth Avenue; *Impulse*, to be produced at Wallack's; *Excelsior*, to be produced at Niblo's; the *Vera* of Oscar Wilde, to be done next week; the *Ac of Clubs*, held in reserve by Mr. Wallack; *The Blue and the Gray*, held in reserve by Messrs. Shook and Collier; *Simms' Soldier's Wife*, held in reserve by Brooks and Dickson; my own play, *A Strange Story*, held in reserve by John Stetson; *Justice*, a new play by Parodi, purchased by Brooks and Dickson for Eddie Ellsler; *Sardou's Fedora*, to be produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre by Fanny Davenport. I really do not recollect a theatrical season in New York that seemed so puzzled by the *embarras de richesse* as the coming one seems to be."

"Which of these plays seems to you the best?"

"I must decline to answer that question unless you define to me the qualities that make up a good play."

"I mean, which do you think the more likely to succeed?"

"I think the race for national popularity will be between Shook and Collier's *Storm-Beaten* and Brooks and Dickson's *Pave de Paris*."

"You are familiar with both plays?"

"Perfectly."

"Which do you prefer?"

"No preference is possible—no comparison is admissible. *Storm-Beaten* is as English as one of Wallack's newly-imported actors. It is a story with a strong purpose, powerfully told, with several effective scenes, and several characters powerfully drawn. In very many respects it is above the usual run of melodramas. It affords the scenic artist ample opportunities, and is as clean as a new-fallen flake of snow. Mounted as plays are mounted at the Union Square Theatre, and played by its splendid company, it stands a strong chance to win the race against its rival, the *Pave de Paris*. The latter is an extraordinary dramatic reflex of the life of Paris—full of comedy and replete with character. The chief merit of the play lies in its construction—in the way all the characters, twenty odd, are woven into the plot. It will require most careful casting and an unusual degree of mechanical precision in the *mise-en-scene*. Steam and electricity are both pressed into its service, and it will at times occupy not less than one hundred and fifty people in its representation."

"Then you think there will be losses?"

"Of course. New York never could continuously support one opera; neither could Paris without subsidizing it. How, in the name of common sense, do you suppose New York can support two, and two bad ones at that?"

"Bad ones?"

"Certainly. Ask your musical critic; he will tell you that the lyric drama is as much one of the lost arts as glass-staining."

"Well, Mr. Cazauran, I cannot offer you '47 Lafitte, but if a glass of Roederer—"

"Thanks, but I never drink—never. It is bad for the complexion. But call again if I can be of any use?"

Quick Work.

While in Portland, Me., recently, Edward C. Swett, manager of M. B. Curtis, received a letter from a man named Bacon, of Boston, claiming to have heard that the play of Sam'l of Pozen would shortly be put on the road, and that for a consideration he would stop the production. This communication looked somewhat fishy to Mr. Swett, and as the information conveyed was indefinite and the proposition of the writer hardly business-like, he paid no attention to the matter.

Last Thursday Mr. Swett received a dispatch from George Edgar's agent in Chicago, stating that a party named Lester Franklin was appearing as Sam'l Plaistrik in Curtis' play at the Halsted Street Opera House. To insure prompt action Mr. Swett telegraphed to Manager Hooley, empowering him to proceed against the pirate at once. A temporary injunction was obtained, and the performance of Sam'l of Pozen ceased on Friday night. Yesterday Swett received a dispatch from Hooley, containing the intelligence that Franklin and manager had been perpetually enjoined, and the plaintiff had not been required to furnish bonds. This quick termination of Franklin's little snap reflects credit on all concerned in bringing it about. Only a few representations of the piece had been given before the injunction was got out.

Chicago is a wicked place and deserves the tough notoriety it has obtained. The abuse the profession receives from some of its vileness newspaper writers; the rankness of the dramatic efforts which it occasionally sends down this way, and the boldness and baseness of its nest of play-thieves causes us to have considerable respect for the unflattering opinion actors and managers frequently express respecting all things pertaining to the modern *Salomé* and *Gomorrah*.

"What do you know about *Excelsior*?"

"I know nothing beyond what I have heard and read of it, and the preparations I have seen going on for its production. I believe, however, that it will be the dullest thing in a spectacular way that New York has ever seen, not excepting the first production of *The Black Crook*."

"What about your own play, *A Strange Story*?"

"As Dr. Pangloss quotes: 'On their own merits modest men are dumb,' and modesty has been my rock ahead through life. But, in confidence, let me tell you it is a fine play, air, very fine; and if the public share my opinion of it, it is sure of a monumental success."

"What do you think of Wallack's play of *Impulse*?"

"I think Oscar Wilde and Edgar Fawcett will like it very much."

"You do not know where the *Pave de Paris* is to be produced?"

"Mr. Wallack could have had it had not his opening beavishly signed away to the owners of *Impulse*. Stetson is negotiating for it with Brooks and Dixon. They are wrangling about terms, and you know how Stetson is, or says he is—that when he speaks he speaks firm—and d— firm, too." Now, Joseph Brooks also has a will of his own, and so they are losing time that were much better spent by both in getting up the play."

"You remain at the Union Square Theatre next season, I suppose, Mr. Cazauran?"

"I have heard nothing to the contrary, as yet. The new management and I get along smoothly enough."

"Do you see Mr. Palmer often?"

"No. He is living in Connecticut, cultivating cabbages—a sort of theatrical Marquis of Halifax, with a hoe in one hand and a volume of *Goldsmith* in the other."

"What do you think of the prospects for next season?"

"The city is populous; the attractions good. I see no reason why it should not prove a successful one."

"Do you not think there will be too many theatres?"

"Thirty-nine in a population of two millions, with a very flood of rich transient visitors. Not a bit of it. *L'appétit vient en mangeant*. The more they go, the more they'll want to go. Theatre-going is like love-making—the more you do of it the more you want to do."

"Do you know anything about opera?"

"A very little to my—very great cost."

"What do you think of the coming operatic season?"

"The noble impressarii will come out all right

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

The Giddy Gusher



ON THE DROP-CURTAIN.

The Gusher's artistic education has received the finishing touches from the canvas provided by liberal managers, and to the hydrocephalic-headed Shakespeare George Wyatt hung up his little big curtain, to the last ambitious effort of Murtha at the Windsor, his desire to express her indebtess.

Wyatt was the first theatrical manager that introduced the painted drop to my notice. My earliest impressions were derived from a moth-eaten red baize; but there came an event in dramatic circles, a scenic artist from New York, around in that country town with an array of paint pots that betokened an approaching set-to with the fine arts.

Wyatt advertised the advent of that curtain for weeks, and on one exciting Saturday night when Chunky Monroe played the Stranger, and John Flood Paddy Miles' Boy, and Mrs. Wyatt topped off with Ireland As It Is, there was exhibited to our startled vision "the great triumph of a Mr. Morgan" (not Matt), who continued acting with art, and was Mr. Oakley on the programme and Mr. Morgan on the drop. The vivid purples and scarlets of heaps of unnatural material trimmed with brass nails and bullion fringe as solid as the eternal hills around the City of Rome that formed the background of this stupendous work filled in the sides; magnificent plumes, looking like Babbitt's soap boxes, were chucked in indiscriminately, and in the foreground loomed up the Arc de Triomphe from the suburbs of Paris. Leaning gracefully on this, with his off-leg drawn up with the spring halt, and evidently suffering from hydrocephalus, was the immortal bard—poor Willie. It was a good likeness, and would be treasured by the Howard family, was it in existence now, on account of its resemblance to Joe. A pasteboard collar encircled his poetic neck, and he held in his hand a roll of manuscript—presumably King Lear—which he was even then touching up for George Edgar.

Oh, many a time and oft, when waiting for that curtain to sweep away and reveal the solid wooden picture, from which the Duke Borgia poured paris-green into cardboard goblets for a hand-legged Genarro, I have studied that work of art till my young head ached; but it was my first drop, and I speak of it with deep feeling.

I went on at the age of twelve to visit relations in Boston and was taken to see Valentine and Orson at the Museum. The man who played Orson had been rescued from the workhouse (where he'd been sent for taking a drop too much), and this poor fellow Basscomb, who is in a workhouse now, was a handsome favorite in the cast. They had painted one curtain over another at this theatre. The first one had been a mythological subject and the second represented the Vale of Avoca, or Stratford-on-Avon, or Mrs. Florence's "Lake of Chromo." Any way, the paint was gone when it was rolled up, and when it was lay down the first night there was a suspicious crackling, and part of the firmament adhered to the solid ground, and through the clouds stuck the bare leg of Venus and the most speakable locality on the person of a fat little Cupid that had formed the attractive features of the old tableau.

I was young and green, but historically correct, and couldn't reconcile the appearance of these fragments in the clouds with any early bias of astronomy I had imbibed in the wilds of Connecticut. But it had its effect. I never hear of high art as exhibited in Boston but I think of the bare leg of Venus that will stick through their most pretentious and chaste productions.

That was a gay old drop they had down at Niblo's for years, representing the Nine Muses (I believe) grouped upon a globe. They all had faces as antique as Mrs. Hamilton Fish and the widow of A. T. Stewart. They were the most aggressively ugly party a scene painter ever saw in a nightmare. I remember one old girl hanging on at the left side looked like Rachel Cantor, and during the tour of the Black Crook this particular dame, who had the indecency to sit there night after night with nothing on but a pair of corsets and a wreath in her left claw, awakened the indignation of some tarry topflight in the family circle. He withdrew from his distended cheek a quid of tobacco the size of a hen's egg.

and fired it plain against the nose of the offending nymph. It looked funny enough, roasting on the poor old girl's nose; but when the curtain went up and came down and the lady appeared with her face in an eclipse the audience roared.

I remember one pleasant night at the Grand Opera House, when "Nell" Pike hung the drop representing the landing of Columbus—what a jolly time we had, and how we all went off to a nice supper at the Maison Dorée and Dan Bryant and I made Colonel Sam presentations of plate—not in the usual ostentatious manner, but as a token of an appreciation for what he had done for us. We unobtrusively filled his pockets with plated spoons belonging to Martinez. The silver moon shed its radiance on Union Square (the substitute we at that time used for the electric lights now so popular) when we emerged from the Maison Dorée.

"Colonel Nell," said I, "our humble offerings are made modestly, but none the less are they the outcome of a public spirit worthy of appreciation and some show of gratitude.

"What gifts?" said he.

"Our presentation of plate," responded I. "When? where? how?" asked the amazed hanger of drop-curtains.

"In your hind coat-pocket," said Dan. And a greater statue of stormy amazement never stood on its pedestal in that Square than Sam Pike.

I never saw a man so badly scared, and when he was notified next day that two silver cake baskets might be found in the heavy brocade curtains of the windows of the room in which we had supposed that he could take away from the Maison Dorée at his leisure, his misery was so complete that he flew for his whiskey distilleries in Cincinnati, and forsook the Opera House and Columbus for a month and more.

The Gerome picture of the Hippodrome at Union Square always worried me. I always felt uneasy for the musical head of Tissington. Those rampaging nags seemed always about to burst forth and plant their hoofs on the first fiddles. I like the curtain at Niblo's best of all in the city. In its misty greens the eye finds rest. There are lovely absinthe hues that might be introduced in ophthalmic hospitals with good effect. It reminds me of a transformation scene that used to close a panorama of Pilgrim's Progress. The final scene was the "Pearly gates ajar;" but before we reached the gates, giant ferns, interlacing and overlapping in every shade of delicious green, worked on and off, now deepening into midnight shade, now brightening into the color that lies on the under side of the springtime apple-leaf, till finally the pearly gates shone through. As pretty a device as ever gladdened the heart of a Christian or the eyes of a sinner.

The small bit of an inky page who poses on Abbey's white satin drop at the Opera House is a tiresome little imp. If only he would clap his feathered hat on his topknot and disappear between the drapery, what a blessing it would seem!

Now, the last drop in this bucket is the one hung by Murtha and Stevens down at the Windsor. I might forgive them a Cardinal that looks as if he were fried in fat like a Jersey doughnut; but the enormity of those heroic figures at the side can never be got over. The Gorgon O. P. has evidently encountered Sullivan and been knocked out. The manner in which she clutches a sort of combination-tragedy-and-comedy-dagger is heart-breaking and anatomy-defying. The house is really bright and handsome, freshly carpeted and newly curtained; but I strike at that curtain. If Murtha will let me, I'll come down and run in life-like portraits of the two luckiest people in New York—"The Unknown" Stevens and the well-known

Rhea's Manager.

"To prove that there are ladies in the profession who are worthy to be taken up and are appreciated by the leaders of society," said A. B. Chase, Rhea's manager, to a *Miror* reporter, "just see Mlle. Rhea's flattering success at the Newport charity performance. The affair was in the hands of Lord and Lady Mandeville, Mendes Belmont, Astor, and others of equal prominence. At the performance of Valerie, given in French, Mlle. Rhea appeared in conjunction with Miss Tillinghast, Mr. Arthur Beckwith and Professor Lepoldi, all of your city, and Lieut. W. McCarty-Little, of the United States Navy. Most of the officers of the French corvette *Risso* d'Genouilly were present in uniform. The stage furnishings were elegant, nearly all being lent for the occasion by owners of cottages, and some of the properties, so-called for the time, were very costly. Mlle. Rhea was very well received and complimented with flowers.

"When we are on our tour it will be the same reception here and there by the best people. When we get to New Orleans a reception will be given by General Beauregard, and at Charleston another is promised by Wade Hampton, while yet another is to be tendered by a prominent Senator's wife and society ladies when we reach Washington."

Business Manager Ed. Stone, who was present, said rehearsals were called for the 15th

at the Windsor. "I killed my time as we were along last season, which is the pleasureous way, is it does away with anxiety and the bother of hunting up managers on the Square. Miss Rita's own car will be used on the trip through the South, as the hotel accommodations are unsatisfactory. The last member of the company, George Woodward, was engaged this week."

Professional Doings.

—C. W. Coulcock has returned to the city. A new curtain is to be hung at the Standard Theatre.

—The Broadway entrance to the Casino will be finished this week.

—Her Attraction follows Light o' London at the Grand Opera House the week of the 27th.

—W. C. Crobie, a San Francisco comedian, has been secured for Edwards' Folly company.

—Patti Ross leaves for Elgin, Ill., to-day, to join Gardner's Karl, which opens there on Monday.

—Ida Griffin, of Sanger's Bunch of Keys, is spending a week with her mother at home in Philadelphia.

—Reuben Withers has been engaged by Manager Sanger as musical director of his Bunch of Keys.

—J. H. Haverly went to Hartford last week to make the acquaintance of the Madagascar Princess.

—Sanger's Bunch of Keys company leave for Columbus 27th, to rehearse one week, opening there Sept. 3.

—Vera's costumes in Lord and Taylor's display-window have attracted considerable attention the past week.

—Edwin F. Mayo and George E. Poulett, with F. J. Titus, musical director, complete the Jennie Yeaman combination.

—Rehearsals of Carrots and Lights o' London take place at the Grand Opera House this week, to be followed next by the Florentines.

—E. E. Stubbs, an old Arkansas traveller and an excellent rifle-shot, expects to give Buffalo Bill a sample of his prowess shortly.

— Hyde and Behman's, corner of Broadway and Thirty-fifth street, is assuming extensive proportions, and it is claimed will be ready to open Oct. 1.

—Frankie Jones, the juvenile prodigy who has appeared in a number of variety theatres, has been engaged by Maxwell and Vincent's Black Dwarf combination.

—At the Windsor next week Jesse James follows closely upon the track of The White Slave, while it is expected Carrots will grow in popular favor the week after.

—De Wolf Hopper is to play Pituca Green with the Madison Square Hazel Kirke. The Hazel has not yet been selected, but the management claim to have several ladies available.

—Frank Comstock, manager of Comstock's Opera House at Columbus, appeared suddenly on the Square Monday, and after attending to some special business, left for home Tuesday evening.

—J. G. Grahame, who came over to support Mrs. Langtry, but had a quarrel and went back to England, has been engaged by the Madison Square Directory to play Lord Travers with Hazel Kirke.

—Otis O. Hall, originator of the Cincinnati Dramatic Festival, and Secretary of the Association, sailed Saturday for Liverpool, going thence to Paris, remaining in the latter city until October.

—Improvements are going on rapidly at the Standard. The entire ceiling has been richly painted and frescoed in various designs. The balcony front, walls and boxes are glittering in gilt, bronze, red and old gold.

—President Arthur's private secretary, sister and daughter Nellie, had a casino box one evening last week. Edward Aronson did the gallant for the party, and made a decided impression on Nellie, "Chet's" daughter.

—Manager Edward Aronson has returned from a ten days' trip to Niagara, Buffalo, Toronto, Newport, Boston and Saratoga. At the Boston Museum Manager Field tendered him a box from which he enjoyed the fine cast of the Chimes.

—O'Brien's Circus suffered a serious accident while en route from Paris to Richmond, Ky., on the 11th, by rail, consequent upon a collision of the Kentucky Central Railroad. The loss sustained, exclusive of a date necessarily calculated at Richmond, will aggregate \$3,000.

—Manager McCaull returns in September, and is said to have secured Fred Leslie for the Beggar Student, to open Oct. 1. Several ladies are to be engaged, and two companies will probably be formed, one to remain at the Casino, the other going on the road. Miss Cotterley may return and head the road company.

—At the Cosmopolitan rehearsals began Tuesday with the tourists in a Pullman Palace Car on the main track, and by Rhoda's company Wednesday, both for two weeks. Then Bertha Welby and McDowell and Lee's Bunch of Keys follow. The Equine Paradox are booked for three months beginning Oct. 1, although Manager Hickey may secure an extension for September.

—At Daly's Theatre an entire new set of dressing-rooms have been built on the lower floor, with running water, steam-pipes and a good system of ventilation attached. Paint and kalsomine have been lavished in various parts of the house. Rehearsals of Heart and Hand are being held there this week, and Manager Duff announces a short operatic season beginning Monday. Daly's company will appear next month.

—H. A. D'Arcy has just completed the company that is to support Bertha Welby. Following in the list: Florida Abell, Lena Browne, Eva Hesler, Anna Rissole, Minnie Cooke, John Haseler, Willard I. Brigham, Robert P. Gale, Walter Pleugh, William A. Gilligan and James Aldridge. David Hanchette, stage manager; Frank Gibson, business manager; Wallace E. Keffler, agent.

—Kate Claxton and company intend giving a revival of the Sea of Ice, beginning Sept. 10, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. The last run of this piece in New York was at Laura Keene's Theatre, in 1857. Ballet, scenery and everything necessary to the perfect production of the piece will be carried with the company. The Sea of Ice will be alternated with The Two Orphans.

—The London is closed, but will open August 27 with the Two Jellicoe combination.

—Carrie Turner is coming at Gross, L. L.

She will shortly return to the English coast.

—Harry Collier will not take out *Kennedy* this season, being disappointed in a brother.

—Miss Zoller has been engaged by Cyril Scott to act as business agent for New England.

—It will be news to many that Robert Green and Helen Hayes were married at Rochester last week.

—Camille Koenig has been engaged for *Jeanne*, the leading part in *Only a Fleur's Daughter*.

—Dan Friedman has been up in the White Mountains the past week. He will return to the city to-day.

—The Hyer's Musical Colored Company company, etc., open their season at Diane, Ill., on Sept. 4.

—Lou Howard and wife (May Bittel) have returned from the Cascades. They are engaged with Rossmoy Ryer No. 2.

—Linda Le Baron, last season with The Professor company, is disengaged. Miss Le Baron is pretty and talented.

—J. V. Farver will represent Horne's *Hounds of Oak* in advance this season. He was formerly treasurer of the company.

—Bartholomew's Equine Paradox will be the attraction at the Cosmopolitan Theatre during the month of October.

—Florence Gerald, the co-actor with Mariana Clarke in the drama of *A Friend*, has not yet signed for next season.

—Rehearsals of The Princess Chick begin in Philadelphia Tuesday. Mr. Conley and the author, E. J. Swartz, are directing them.

—Allan Hamilton informs us that he has been engaged by Manager Mitchell to direct the stage of the People's Theatre, St. Louis.

—Joseph Arthur writes that he will sail with his wife, Charlotte Arthur, for this city on the Chester, due here the latter part of this week.

—Leslie Miller, who was with Bertha Welby last season, has been engaged for the stock company of the Boston Bijou for this season.

—James Lathrop, of the Opera House at London, Ontario, has been in town for over a week finishing his bookings. He left for home yesterday.

—Captain James E. Comstock, for two seasons' business manager of Bartholomew's Equine Paradox, died at his home, Oswego, last week of cancer.

—Josephine Reilly, Manager Miles' new legitimate star, will appear in *The Hunchback, Romeo and Juliet, Twelfth Night, As You Like It* and *The Lady of Lyons*.

—John H. Ruddy, assistant treasurer at the Fifth Avenue, has reached the city, and is ready for the new season. No trade dollars will be handled by Mr. Ruddy.

—The Silent Man is the name of a play that Frank Evans has just purchased from Joaquin Miller. It will probably be tried on Saturday night, with Paterson, N. J., as the canine.

—Joseph Brooks has found his new offices at the Standard a great improvement over the old place in Twenty-third street. The arrangements for the transaction of business are convenient.

—Messrs. Verplanck and Devereux have a new play to Minnie Maddern, which she is now rehearsing and in which she will star this season. The price paid for the piece was \$3,000 down.

—W. H. McConnell, manager of Haileybury's Brooklyn Theatre, has returned from his fishing trip in Minnesota and is busy arranging matters for his opening, August 27, with *The Silver King*.

—Only a Farmer's Daughter is to be produced in London next May. The cast will be made up in England with the single exception of the Justice and the child actress now playing in the piece.

—Extensive improvements are being made in the lobby of the Union Square. There is a noticeable activity manifested in all our places of amusement this Summer in the matter of overhauling and freshening up.

—Charles H. Keeshin has arrived in town, bronzed and invigorated for the season's work. He has been fishing in Wisconsin. Mr. Keeshin will pilot the Central Lights o' London, opening in Poughkeepsie Sept. 3.

—Herne's Hearts of Oak will open its sixth season on Monday, August 27, at Lowell, Mass. The old members of the company have been retained excepting J. F. Herne, who will act as treasurer and business manager.

—C. R. Gardiner is studying models of steam yachts with a view to having one built and ready for use next Spring. The water-front of his country-seat in Stamford is admirably adapted for boating purposes.

—A monthly magazine called *Shakespeareans* will be commenced by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company in November. As the name implies, the periodical will be devoted to current literature relating to Shakespeare and his works.

—Treasure Donnelly has one less Italian to pay off now. Giovanni Marmont, of Baxter street, was so injured at the Bijou excavation Tuesday afternoon by a brick falling on his head that he had to hand in his coupon and be conveyed to his home in an ambulance.

—The Summer Boarders company will include Elliott Barnes, Charles Frew, Frank Bush, Charles H. Stanley, Charles Turner, Fred Miller, Madolin Zolo, Lizzie Conway, Alice Glennon and Grace Wilson—W. A. Edmunds, business manager; Fred Miller, musical director.

—Frank Mayo's company is now completed and is as follows: Fred Hight, A. J. Jackson, L. M. Carpenter, F. O. Savage, T. H. Conly, Charles Clancy, A. J. Kingbury, Master Manny Wilson, Charlotte Behren, Miss M. Gaunt, and Nellie Sanford. Frank D. Hall

—Wyman and wife—Lulu Wilson—have cancelled their foreign engagements and will appear in this country in their new play called *Vakie*, by "M. Quad," of the Detroit Free Press. Harry Hine has signed a contract to manage them, and everything his experience can suggest will be

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

PROVINCIAL.



BOSTON.

Boston Museum: *Chimes of Normandy* proved the most successful of all the operas presented during the summer season, being one of the best productions of the season ever presented here. The principal attraction was John Horner as Gaspard, in which he made a pronounced hit. His acting as the miser was powerful and consistent throughout, original in conception and holding the close attention of the audience. William Caudle, who appeared as the Marquis, for the first time, was credited with a very fine performance, his singing of the scenes allotted gaining for him hearty and marked applause. Walter Hampshire appeared to much advantage as Greville, his singing in the first act being particularly pleasant. Mr. Wilson brought the character of the Duke into great prominence, but yet induced it to a greater extent than necessary. Marie Jameson added one more to her list of triumphs since her appearance at the Museum, acting the part of Serpentine in a sprightly and vivacious manner, which at once met with the admiration of the audience, her vocal efforts at the same time giving rare pleasure. Helen Dugong received her former success as Germaine, and with some faults perhaps can be found with her acting, the artistic use of her voice more than makes amends for other shortcomings. Large and delightful audiences were present during the week and favorable comments were heard from all in regard to the stage setting, costumes, etc. *The Chimes of Normandy* closed a very successful open season. This week Healy's United and Consolidated Mastodon Minstrels, which include many well-known names, appear, each performance terminating with the *Princess of Madagascar*.

Oakland Garden: *The Corinne Merrimakers* appeared during the past week, presenting Bijou and the Magic Slipper, attracting the largest audiences of the season. In the second act of Bijou (a rehearsal) a number of specialties were introduced, prominent among them Peck-a-Boo by Corinne and Harry Mills, which created much enthusiasm, the Tyrolean Warble by Dora Brannock and Susie Parker, Harry Woodbury in grotesque dances and the Olympia Quartette were excellent. Cinderella was presented with Little Corinne and Jessie Kimball in prominent characters, supported by a strong co., and proved an excellent entertainment, laughter and applause being constant. During the performances Corinne introduced a number of pleasing songs, and the Jubilee Hymns by the Olympia Quartette holding the close attention of the audience. This week the Tourists.

Park Garden: Large numbers attended the performances given by Rose Sanger's Burlesque Troupe, which includes many names well known in this city. The performance commenced with Female Minstrels, followed by an olio which introduced many amusing features.

Boyleton Museum: The patrons of this theatre found a carefully-selected programme during the past week, which gave general satisfaction.

Items: *The Sam Lucas* will commence the season at Beloit, Wis., producing the new comedy entitled *The Duke*. H. D. Clement is to be manager. The regular season at the Boston Museum opens next week, *Marvin's Heart* being the first attraction, followed by the *Guy's*. The *Howard* also opens Monday. Clara Davenport will be a member of Rice's co. next season. At the Saturday matinee Minnie Connor appeared as the Fairy Godmother in *Cinderella* without rehearsal, in place of Marie Muller, who is ill, and acquitted herself creditably, delivering her lines with much intelligence, proving herself an actress of promise. Edwin Booth will appear at the *Globe* Theatre Nov. 5. Thatchers, Princess and West's Minstrels appear at the Boston Theatre shortly. Roland Reed opens the Park Theatre again. Charles Festelle plays a return engagement at Oakland Garden next week. William Harris has returned from New York. Mr. George Purdy, musical director at the Boston Museum, received a handsome and well-deserved present from the members of the co.

CINCINNATI.

Mam's Opera House (James E. Fenney, manager): The portals of this popular theatre will be thrown open next, with Tony Pastor's Specialty comb. as the attraction, followed 25th by Lizzie Evans, who opens with a unique performance in Fagg's *Ferry*. Harry Lacy's *Plumbe's* Wife underlined for week of Sept. 3.

Vine Street Opera House (S. Gabriel, manager): With practically a monopoly in the line of city amusements. Manager Gabriel has assuredly scored a success far in excess of his most sanguine anticipations. The programme for current week includes *Sweeney and Riley*, *Smith and Daly*, *Lillie Carroll*, *Arthur Doty*, *Mavis* and *La Rose*, *Gilson* and *Pierce* (retained from last week), the *Mills*, *Lester* and *Walker*, and *Ed*, *Clarence* and *Jesse Walker* in sketches.

Items: Secretary Otis O. Hall, of the Dramatic Festival Association, departed for New York 6th, whence he sailed 12th for Europe. The major portion of his vacation will be spent in Paris. O'Brien's Circuit, while en route with from Paris, Ky., to Richmond by rail, was seriously damaged in a collision on the Kentucky Central Railroad. The loss sustained, exclusive of a lost date at Richmond, is estimated at \$3,000. —La Grand White, Minnie Madden's husband and manager, returned from New York 10th. His co. will open the season in Franklin, Ind., inaugurating the new opera house at that point 20th, for which Miss Madden's new play, *Jannie*, is now in active rehearsal. —The pyrotechnic display announced for evening of 20th, at the Bellvue House, was, in consequence of threatening weather, postponed by Manager Dave Billingsheimer until 24th. Rain has seriously interfered with the Tuesday night entertainments at the Zoo. —Will Penney, manager of Hirsch's, who has been summering at Mount Clemens, Mich., will return during the current week. —Frankie Jones, the juvenile, whose singing and dancing career was well received last week at the Vine Street Opera House, has been secured for the season by the management for Maxwell and Vincent's Black Deer Club. —The main attraction at Schumann's Concert Hall during the past week has been the somewhat phenomenal performance of a juvenile violinist, announced as the successor to Mischa Elman. —Kate Billingsley, Princess Minstrel, under the management of Thompson, have mounted a large programme during the week at Marshall's Opera House, Covington. —The season will open at Chillicothe, O., during the week of Sept. 10. —A famous comic soprano, recently presented in a five-year-old tour of N. H. Helen

residing at West Jefferson, this State. The lad can whistle any air he chooses, can imitate the voices of any bird, accompany his sister on the violin, and from all published accounts must be a veritable prodigy in the whistling art.

NEW ORLEANS.

At Spanish Fort *The Tyroles* is still the bill, with charming St. Quintin in the leading role. This lady is decidedly the best of the prima-donna we have had here during the summer, and it is rather unfortunate that she opened her present engagement with an opera possessing so few attractive features and supported by an incomplete company. These difficulties will soon, however, be removed. Ten new people are expected to arrive on the 20th, among them a tenor, a basso and a baritone, besides capable assistants. Hattie Starr, formerly of the Otto co., will also be among the reinforcements. There over popular opera, *The Chimes of Normandy*, is underlined for 25th. Miss St. Quintin's *Serpentine* is very pleasantly remembered here, and the new bill will undoubtedly attract large audiences. Harry Drexel has been busily engaged preparing new and elegant scenery for the production. Miss Townsend, who was expected to join this troupe, has departed for New York. Business at the Fort has been very fair during the past week.

At West End Pictures has been the reigning attraction, beginning 9th. Rose Temple makes a very pretty and graceful Pictures, and sings the music very creditably. Her acting in this part is also more satisfactory than on most other occasions. Marie Roe has not much to do as Lady Angela, and appears rather careless and somewhat indifferent. Miss Kene as Sophie looks pretty and does fairly well. As Governor Charles H. Drew is soon possible to better advantage than in anything he has yet acted during the present season. He looks, acts and dresses the part admirably and sings the score with more effect than in other characters. Messrs. Florentine and Phillips also deserve mention for good work done. Billie Taylor is in active rehearsal for very early production. Rumor has it that the management of this resort has already begun mapping out a plan for next summer's season.

The advertising canvas used as a curtain at West End has failed as yet to materially affect the advertising columns of our local papers, and is still among the curiosities of this favorite lake resort. Mr. Baggetto, the efficient scenic artist of Manager Bidwell's Theatres has been kept very busy all summer, carrying out the orders of his enterprising chief. An entire and elegant new set of stock scenery has been painted for the Grand Opera House, and very handsome and valuable work done for the Academy and St. Charles. All three of these theatres will be greatly improved and decorated for the approaching season. The openings, as at present arranged, are as follows: The Academy, 9th, with The Strategists; St. Charles, Oct. 24, and the Grand Nov. 4. Though it is possible, previous dates may be arranged for. Miss V. Nelson, a talented amateur of this city, leaves for Boston about 20th to join the Chanfrans, with whom she is engaged for next season. Faranta has closed the season of his tent show here, and report has it, proposes making a tour of Texas with his variety troupe. Marsh Redon, who represents the City Railroad in the business management of the West End Opera House, made the presentation speech when Mr. Sturges' friends presented him with a handsome gold watch and chain on the occasion of his benefit, yd. Marsh was very happy in his remarks, and the selection of a spokesman was a wise one.

ST. LOUIS.

Uhrig's Cave (Pat Short, manager): *Patience, Iolanthe* and *Black Crook* were given during the week to big business. Marie Bockel and Charles F. Lang made their reappearance. This closed the Ford season at Uhrig's, which has been a big success financially. The establishment is closed for the season.

Items: The first theatre to open will be the People's, with *The Black Dwarf*, 9th. —The Elks Club has closed its rooms for refitting and renovation and will reopen them 18th. They now number 903 members. —The closing of Uhrig's Cave at this juncture is premature. The new opening of Uhrig's Cave is premature, New York companies having declined going to St. Louis. —The Ford co. will go to Louisville and finish out the anti-season at the Exposition.

CHICAGO.

Haverly's Theatre opened the season of 1883-84, 9th, with a packed house to witness *The Silver King* by the Wallack co., and large audiences have been in attendance every night. The verdict of our play-goers is the same as that recorded wherever this admirable drama has been produced. It is the best melodrama of the day, and should not be confounded with the sensational trash so often presented as realistic drama. Osmond Taurie, as Willford Denver, took hold of the sympathies of the audience in the first act, and held it throughout the play, being enthusiastically called before the curtain at the end of the first act, where he discovers the dead body of Ware, and thinks himself a murderer. Miss Coghlan was full of pathos and power as Nellie Denver, and proved herself the admirable actress she is. Her tone and attitude at the end of the third act gained her a call before the curtain. The large cast in the play precludes further mention at this time, but several members of the co. acquitted themselves so well that mention will be made of them in our next. The play is good for a run of four weeks.

At McVicker's Theatre, 6th, *Youth* was presented to a large house, and was very well done indeed, the embarkation and battle scenes calling out great applause. Some of last year's co. were missed in their familiar parts, but the performance was altogether excellent, and will doubtless have an extended run.

A Mountain Play has managed to hold its own in spite of counter attractions, and it will remain on the boards of the Grand Opera House another week. Some improvements have been made in the play, which materially aid its smooth performance, and there is no doubt that it will be received favorably wherever produced.

The last week of the Thomas concerts proved to be the greatest in attendance of the season, an average of 8,000 people paying admission nightly, and on Friday and Saturday the audiences numbered 12,000 to 15,000. Thus the season closed in the midst of what seemed a perfect future of classical music, and the week's business will be pointed to for months to come to prove the musical education of our people. But the writer took the trouble to prove what he already felt was the fact—that it was fashion, not music, that drew the crowd, and asked a number of his lady friends the straightforward question, "If they went there to listen and study the music?" The answer of one will do for all: "Why, no! I come because all my friends do, and it's so cheap. One can spend a very enjoyable evening and have a good chat while the band is playing." So much for our classical tendencies, but to call Thomas' orchestra a "band" was a crusher with which I was unable to cope.

Items: The regular season of the Grand will commence Sept. 2, with *Medea* as the star attraction. Eleanor Carey and Walter Bentley are in the city to gain some points from Taurie and Miss Coghlan in *The Silver King*, in which play they are to act the coming season as members of one of Haverly's co. —The twenty-seventh season at McVicker's begins 27th, with Miss Mather in Romeo and Juliet. Some of the principal stars engaged to appear during the season are John McCullough, Joseph Jefferson, Dion Boucicault, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, Marie Prescott, Mrs. Langtry and the Madison Square co. —The decorations were by William Redmond in the teaing scenes of Youth, are actual

replicas made by him in amateur rowing contests in Regatta. —Harry Dastic, the popular Milwaukee manager, was in town last week, securing attractions for his theatre. —J. A. Lakes, of Tapeta, Kan., is in town booking attractions for his Opera House. —Theodore Thomas takes his orchestra to Milwaukee for a week, and then goes direct to New York, sailing for England and ad. where he will remain until late in the Fall.

PHILADELPHIA.

The opening of the season is rapidly approaching and our managers are hurrying home from the different resorts to conclude preparations. Everywhere actions have been busy and many and great improvements have been carried out, and in some instances the same extended have been large. It is due to the late George K. Goodwin to say that to his ambition, enterprising views and untiring energy we owe the existing fact of possessing as handsome a theatre as may be found in any city of the Union. In the Walnut Street Theatre and Chestnut Street Opera House the first strides of improvement were made and the other theatres were forced into line, edition comparisons in respect to beauty and comfort not being admirable. The fact above stated is one of the many instances of clever managerial and far-seeing intelligence so decidedly pronounced by Mr. Goodwin, who left many friends to regret his loss.

The Bijou Theatre will open on Saturday afternoon next, when a new and original local drama, entitled *Lost at Sea*, will be produced. The play will be given with entirely new scenery and a cast, which will include Messrs. Griffith, Hammond, Hunt, Strong, Gordon, Clayton and Misses Lillian Hinton, Louise Ralfe, Gay Robertson, Marie Acosta, Mrs. Nelson Keenan and others. The theatre has been greatly improved during the summer.

New Arch Street Opera House: The arrangements with E. E. Rice have been definitely settled. Mr. Rice will furnish an opera co. which, it is promised, will surpass any that has ever visited this city, and will produce the latest London, New York and Boston successes. The Opera House, when completed, will be one of the most attractive resorts in the city. The opening is announced for Sept. 10, and it is probable that Virginia will be the initial attraction.

Maennerchor Garden: Harry Wannenmacher's Orchestra this week. On Friday evening next, 17th, Levy will receive a benefit. Sophie J. Neuberg, the German soprano, has been secured for the occasion.

Belmont Mansion: Senn's Military Band throughout the current week. The Young Maennerchor Society will give a Summer night festival, concert and hoo at the Mansion Tuesday evening, 22d. The grounds will be illuminated.

Walnut Street Theatre: Opens for the season 25th.

National Theatre: Opens for the season 25th.

Chestnut Street Theatre: Re-opens 27th.

Summer Briefs: The Devil's Auction; Messrs. Gallagher, Gilmore and Gardner's spectacle will be produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Sept. 3.

—A great deal of sympathy is extended Frank C. Bangs in this city. If not the best of actors he is a gentleman who feels keenly the unpleasant publicity recent disclosures have thrust upon him. —The Dime Museum, Little Wood's Museum, opens Sept. 1 under the management of Messrs. Hagan and Campbell. —The Grand Central is under cover, and the work although by no means near completion is progressing rapidly. —Harry Allen has signed for Rice for the coming season for New York and Philadelphia. —Kate Claxton in a new version of the old drama *The Sea of Ice*, is announced as among the coming attractions at the Walnut. —Manager Thomas Hale has been doing Atlantic City and Manager Fleischman Cape May. —Mr. and Mrs. William J. Comly (Lizzie Harold) and babe are at Atlantic City, where they will remain until the rehearsals of Princess Chuck commence at the Chestnut Street Theatre. The first production of the new play will take place in Springfield, Ill. Mrs. Comly has been extremely ill since the birth of her child, but is rapidly recovering health and strength. —Kate Claxton is said here to be having an entirely new play written for her.

BROOKLYN.

The only amusement in Brooklyn for the present week is W. O'Dale Stevens' Circus at the Pavilion Theatre on Flatbush Avenue. A complete change of programme has been made for the present week, and the various acts in the ring are well performed. Miss Jean is in her usual excellent manner, as does Madame Martha, while the other performers do full justice to their acts.

The Wild West is drawing delighted crowds at West Brighton. The show is worthy of the patronage. Nothing in the amusement line for years has so touched the popular pulse as the stirring scenes of this show. Buffalo Bill and Dr. Carver are reaping a harvest of dollars.

The theatres are all getting ready for the opening of the season. Hyde and Behman's opens Sept. 2 with a variety co. The others open 27th—the Park with Fun on the Bristol; the Grand with Pique, with Agnes Booth in the leading role; and Haverly's with the Silver King.

Manager McConnell has greatly improved the Brooklyn Theatre during the summer season, and when the opening night arrives it will be found that the house has been almost converted into a drawing-room. The swinging doors that formerly opened into the auditorium have been removed, and rich hangings of damask have taken their place. Colored lights have been added in the lobby and foyer, and elegant new carpets have been laid down, and everything about the theatre has a fresh and bright appearance. Harry D. Wilson will resume his position of treasurer, which he filled last season with great satisfaction to the patrons. The position is one which requires tact and politeness, and Harry fully comes up to the mark. He returns from his European trip greatly re-invigorated. Petersen will again lead the orchestra, a guarantee that we will hear good music this season. The attractions provided by Mr. McConnell, who is now sole proprietor and manager, embrace the *Silver King*, with which the theatre opens on 27th; Romany Rye, Irving, Joe Emmett, the Florence, Gus Williams, Monte Cristo, Sam'l'l of Posen, Fred Weck, Haverly's Minstrels, Her Attraction, Kira's Spectacles, Eddie Elsler, Duff's Opera Co., Majolita, Clara Morris, the Knights, W. J. Ferguson, John McCullough, Thatcher, Pinnow and West's Minstrels; W. J. Scanlan, young Miss Howard, Langtry, Lester Wallack, Soldier's Wife, Rhea, Booth, Emma Abbott, Merry Duchess, Tom Keene, and Daly.

BALTIMORE. The past week has been one of apparent quiet at the theatres, though much has been done in the way of preparation for the opening of the regular season, which took place at two of them on Monday night, and will soon follow at the others. At Ford's Opera House many improvements have been made, chief of which is the introduction of the Edison electric light. It was not ready for use at the opening, but is rapidly nearing completion, and it is expected that it will be ready to turn on about Sept. 1. The walls have been papered in the latest style of decorative art, the chairs newly upholstered and painted and the boxes furnished with new drapery. Altogether the house presents a very cheerful appearance, and the large audience present seemed much pleased with the changes. Armstrong Brothers' Minstrels, who opened their season here, were well received. Among the attractions booked by Manager Ford may be mentioned the following: Charles Wyndham's Comedy co., Rhea, Frederick Wards, Charles E. Ford's Opera co., Geistinger, W. J. Ferguson in his new play, Marie Prescott in *Vera*, Menagerie's *Tourists*, W. J. Florence,

Effie Kislak, Barry and Fay, Geo. Williams, Jeffreys Lewis, the *Blautons*, the Madison Square attractions, Thresher, Primrose and West, etc.

Front Street Theatre: Re-opened Monday night with Dick Cormier in *My Hebrew Friend* and an olio composed of Ward and Lynch, Morton and Knowles, Frank Campbell and the La Porte Sisters.

Items: Little Grubb, of this city, and late of Rice's Surprise Party, was married at the residence of his parents, yd., to George D'Elverland, of the Mexican legation. Harry Earle and Lew Spencer left town Sunday night for Rockford, Ill., where they join Cal Wagner's Minstrels. —Joseph Dowling's *Nobdy's Claim* comb. and then goes direct to New York, sailing for England ad. where he will remain until late in the Fall.

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SAN FRANCISCO. AUGUST 7.

The Winter Garden was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 4th, and Harry Morgan, an actor connected with the place, and who at the time of the fire occupied one of the rear dressing-rooms as a sleeping apartment, was burned to death. His charred remains were found on the day following. Mr. Morgan was a native of Philadelphia, aged forty-two. He was a member of the order of Elks No. 3, under whose auspices he will be buried to-day. Messrs. Stahl and Mack were the proprietors of the Winter Garden, which was insured for only \$6,000, a sum that will not cover one-fifth their loss on wardrobe, etc. Everything of value was destroyed. The Spanish Students were the last attraction, and it is rumored that their instruments were burned. It is not known how the fire originated. From a local paper I clip the following: "The Winter Garden was built by a joint stock company of Germans, mostly florists, about ten years ago; just after Béatrice, the German book-store man, had served a term in the Legislature and had engineered a bill through granting \$2,000 per annum for the purposes of defraying the expenses of an Horticultural Fair, in San Francisco, to encourage and foster the cultivation of flowers, forsooth, in this delicious floral climate. It was christened Horticultural Hall, and several annual floral exhibitions were held in it. After the subsidy was withdrawn it was used as a hall for various purposes. Some seven years ago 'Yankee' Robinson fitted it up as a circus, but it did not pay. Some two years ago Messrs. Stahl and Mack opened it with operatic entertainments under its present title. About five months since it was closed, and arrangements were made to open with a dramatic co."

At the Bush Street Theatre: Sol Smith Russell put in an appearance on the 4th in Edgewood Folks, a comedy rich in wit and good points. He opened to good business, and will no doubt continue to the same during his stay here.

At the California Theatre: The good old comedy, *She Would and She Would Not*, was last night produced to a fine house. This is the last week of August Daly's co. *She Would and She Would Not* will continue until Wednesday, when Needles and Pins will

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

reached, up to large and highly glazed windows. There, open here, there is a large and airy room, and the whole is a very strong one. The company will fill for the season, and includes McCullough, Elmer, Charlotte Thompson, Miss Mather, William Morris, and numerous others. The company prospect of a very successful season. Manager has a very nice place to come to, and audience is shown favorably good.

THEATRE CALENDAR.

LINCOLN.

Music Hall: The regular season will open 21st with Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels. There will be a full house. Manager James F. Rock has engaged this hall for the coming year, and will be seated in this and his other summer enterprises by Mr. Rock, they having formed a partnership. Mr. Rock has his headquarters in Boston and New York, and the leading attractions will come to this city. The popular Star Course will be the feature of the season. Collier's Lights o' London, Boston Bijou Open co., Mel Open co., Boston Symphony Orchestra and Adrienne Concert co. are among names. Rock and Rock's bookings.

Items: A valuable house belonging to John Doris was badly injured at this place the other day.—Mr. Rock, clerk at the Hotel Shirley, informs me that N. C. Goodwin's co. will commence rehearsals in a short time at the Shirley Casino, a pretty little summer theatre but a short distance from Mr. Goodwin's residence above.—Manager Rock has returned from a sketching tour at Ipswich, Mass.

SPRINGFIELD.

Springfield Opera House (D. O. Gilmore, proprietor): August 21 Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels were enthusiastically received by a large audience; programme new and entertaining. Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels appear 15th. More dates have been fixed for the theatre for season 1868; than for the ensuing season; but those for the latter are rapidly being made up.

SALEM.

Mechanic Hall: Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels appear here the 6th, under Moulton and Johnson's management. The city is well filled with attractions. N. W. Anderson and co. will open the season 21st, with a first-class organization.

LOWELL.

Huntington Hall (John F. Coagrove, manager): Hearts of Oak will open the season here 27th, and Manager Coagrove, who has just returned from Newport, has booked sixty first-class attractions.

Music Hall (Simons and Emery, lessees): Orvin Richards is touching up the scenery here, and the house is being thoroughly renovated. Carrie Swain is booked for week of September 3.

MICHIGAN.

GRAND RAPIDS.

The Thalia Club, a local organization, presented A Pretty Piece of Business and The Loan of a Lover on the evening of the 10th before a large audience composed of the *elite* of the city. The amateurs acquitted themselves creditably, and will probably give a course of entertainments during the coming Winter. Frank B. Putman was clever as Felix Merryweather and Peter Spyk.

Smith's Opera House opens 16th for the Winter season. The house now presents a very cosy appearance, Manager Smith having expended considerable money on improvements during the Summer recess.

Items: Willard J. Brigham, a member of the T. W. Keene co., assisted the Thalia Club in their entertainment of the 10th. He leaves the 15th to join the Keene co.—The work of remodelling Powers' Opera House is progressing rapidly, and Mr. Powers expects to open at the time originally set—Sept. 1. The opening attraction has not been decided upon. Redmond's will probably open about the same time with the Hess Opera co.

GRAND HAVEN.

Opera House (J. A. Stephenson, manager); Bach's Milwaukee Orchestra gives sacred concert Sunday, 13th. Camilla Urso comes 18th, and the Hess Opera co. 27th.

MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Grand Opera House (J. F. Conklin, manager): The Chicago Ideals commenced a week's engagement 4th to a good house, in Isolane, being presented by far the best we have seen here. The bill for the week being Isolane, The Sorcerer, Patience and Pinafore. Miss Hinde and the Minstrels.—Forepaugh's Circus is due.

Items: The members of Ideal co. were entertained by E. H. Talbott and wife on their private car, "The Rail-ay," 7th, and on 8th Col. McCleary, of the Motor Line, gave the entire party a picnic and excursion to Lake Minnetonka.

ST. PAUL.

Opera House (L. N. Scott, manager): Jay Rial's Dramatic comb., entire week, 6th, presented Taken from Life, East Lynne and Ticket-of-Leave Man, drawing good houses. Taken from Life bids fair to prove a great success in the hands of Manager Rial and his co. Louise Rial, a graceful, attractive and talented actress, made a very favorable impression in the several roles which she assumed. Minnie Phelps, Ethel Brandon, May Brandon, Joseph Everham, H. S. Duffield and J. P. Winter played their parts well and deserve mention. The co. is a good one and gave very satisfactory performances. Coming: Miss Rhea, 21st; week; My Partner, Sept. 3, 4 and 5.

Items: Colonel George W. Hall's Parlor Circus and Museum spread its tents on the 8th for the week, drawing a large crowd at each performance.—Talmage will lecture at Market Hall, 15th.

HASTINGS.

Music Hall (J. B. Lambert, manager): Mortimer's Mysteries to an exceedingly small house, but as large as they deserved, as it was a very "side" show.

DULUTH.

Camilla Urso was greeted with a full house. The Ma-tine is truly wonderful. A better pleased audience never assembled in Duluth.

STILLWATER.

Grand Opera House (E. W. Duran, manager): There has been a dearth of amusements for the past two months, until the appearance of the Chicago Ideal Opera Co., Monday and Tuesday, 30th and 31st ult., in Isolane and the Sorcerer, which drew fair business and were well received. Katie Putnam comedy co. to fair houses. The opening season will commence 2d, when Mlle Rhee will make her first appearance in Stillwater, and our citizens are anxiously awaiting the arrival of this talented actress. Dan Sullivan's Mirror of Ireland 4th.

MISSOURI.

ST. JOSEPH.

Toutle's Opera House (Corydon F. Craig, manager): The season opens 1st and Sept. 1 with the Chicago Ideal Opera Co.; Comedy Dramatic co., 2d, 3d and 4th; in Princess Chuck; The Black Dwarf, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th and matinee.

Items: Our Summer Gardens have not done the usual amount of business, the evenings being too cool for outdoor entertainments.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK.

Grand Opera House: Gran's English Opera co., under the management of Z. N. Benton, filled the entire week of 4th to very good business. The Mascotte, Olivette, and Patience were given acceptably.

Theatre: The Fall and Winter season will open Sept. 2, with Salisbury's Troubadours as the attraction.

Opera House: The season here opens 21st with the

Grand Specialty and Passions co. The house has been repaired and refurnished throughout, and the scenery and stagehands all new. It will be the only variety theatre in the city this season.

Items: Newark Lodge, No. 21, B. P. O. E., held a monthly meeting on the 12th. Four candidates were initiated, and during the evening John Morelli's band rendered some fine music.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.

Music Hall: The regular season will open 21st with Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels. There will be a full house. Manager James F. Rock has engaged this hall for the coming year, and will be seated in this and his other summer enterprises by Mr. Rock, they having formed a partnership. Mr. Rock has his headquarters in Boston and New York, and the leading attractions will come to this city. Collier's Lights o' London, Boston Bijou Open co., Mel Open co., Boston Symphony Orchestra and Adrienne Concert co. are among names. Rock and Rock's bookings.

Items: Gerald Blake of this city has signed for character parts for next season with the Stratogens.

ROCHESTER.

Grand Open House (P. H. Lathen, manager): Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels appeared 6th to a packed house—several hundred people turned away, unable to procure even standing room. The programme was an excellent one, and every act was appreciated by the large audience. The vocal talent is unusually fine, and the same may be said of the specialty performers. The co. is rapidly adding to their organization. The services of the popular comedian, Peter Mack, and Prof. Knowles, comedian, have been secured, and materially strengthens the troupe, and we are safe in saying that this is the most pleasing of any similar entertainment now travelling.

Pavilion Theatre (W. C. Coup, manager): This house is doing a rushing business. Large audiences are present at each performance. Last week Pinson was presented the first three nights, when it gave way to Pirates of Penzance the last half of the week. This week Pinson will hold the boards the first three nights and Billie Taylor will be served the remainder of the week. The Sunday evening concerts of this co. are very popular, and attract fine audiences, while the season is the magnet during the day. Eliza Delano joined the co., and will appear as Lady Jane.

Items: We were much pleased with the appearance of the Grand when shows around by Manager Lathen the other evening. The house has been recarpeted, repainted and generally overhauled; the proscenium boxes look particularly fine.—The Academy of Music is in the hands of Dennis Flood, the artist, and a corps of assistants who are busily engaged on the scenery, and when the house is opened for inspection the change in the appearance of the interior decorations will be a great improvement upon last season.—Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels will put in an appearance at this house on the 20th.—Manager Leutichford, of the Academy, is off on his usual Summer vacation.—The first appearance of the Wyndham Comedy co., upon their arrival from England, will be at the Grand Sept. 3.—J. H. West, brother of W. H. West, of T., P. and W., will go to Fay Templeton the coming season as treasurer.—Denman Thompson is in town, accompanied by his family. They will take in the races this week.—E. B. Brown, the manager, is at his home in this city. He contemplates a Southern venture, with Happy Cal Wagner as the leading attraction.—A. T. English, of the Academy, has returned from Congress Lake. He looks as if he had enjoyed his vacation hugely.—Phil Lehnen and wife were in town 8th, and visited the Minstrels.—Forepaugh's Circus is billed for the regular opening will not take place until Sept. 3.

Items: Professor Robert Nichol, the magician, was in town Saturday.—The Mount Band gave a fine concert in Crescent Park, Thursday evening. The crowd was large and the applause great. This band will make an excursion to Saratoga, Sept. 12. It promises to be the greatest excursion from this city in twenty years.—From the conversation I had with Agent Moore, I have come to the conclusion that the repairs spoken of will not take place this season, owing to the tardiness of the architect.—Letters were received this week from Fanny Davenport, Mrs. Langtry and other large attractions.

RONDOUT.

Sampson's Opera House (Philip Sampson, proprietor): Tony Pastor 6th and Mestayer's Tourists 11th to fine houses, giving excellent satisfaction. The Richmond-Graham party in Carrrots 2nd, 3d and 4th, the date of the Firemen's Convention.

Opera House (M. C. Purdy, manager): The coming season will open the 21st with Haverly's Hidden Hand co., headed for 21st, have concluded dates, owing to the scarcity of billboards, Forepaugh having the sole control until Sept. 1. Frank Mayo and co. opens the season 5th; needs of pleasure to be produced not given as yet. Matson's French troupe have signed contracts for Sept. 21. Jessie Cade and co. and John Thompson follow Oct. 2 and 3. Manager Purdy has not as yet secured a troupe for Fair Fair, thus leaving a first-class chance for some good show having open

dates.

POUGHKEEPSIE.

During the Summer months, under the supervision of E. B. Sweet, the Open House has been thoroughly renovated and put in good condition. The old scenes have been overhauled and repainted, and new scenery added. The entertainment season will open Monday, Sept. 3, with Haverly's Mastodon play at Winter's about the 12th.

SALAMANCA.

Whitney's Hidden Hand co. open season 21st; Haverly's Hidden Hand in Check, Sept. 4.

WHITEPLAINS.

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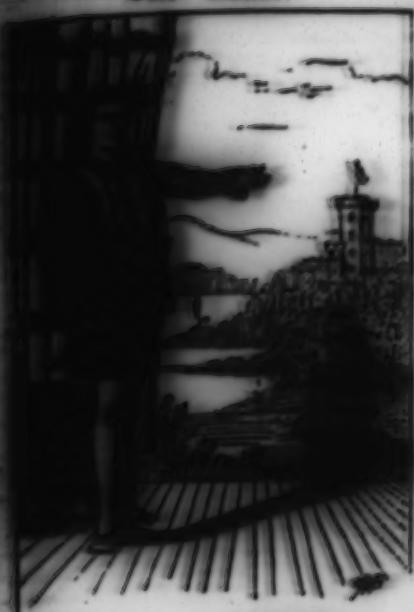
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The Author.

An illustration
of the author.
—Lorenzo Lanza.

Sitting on the roof of the Casino, the other night, I had an excellent opportunity of taking in the Metropolitan Opera House. From the elevated position the edifice looked monarchic. This is all that can be said in its favor, for a more unattractive, ungracious place I never saw. The architects have apparently made no effort to please the eye, and they have lost a noble opportunity. The vast area covered by the building would have allowed of imposing effect; but it has been wholly wasted, and the result is decidedly disappointing. The roofs over the auditorium and stage rise to a sharp peak, presenting a very pugnacious appearance, suggestive of rural town hills. There is little attempt at tasteful ornamentation on the Broadway front, and the sides are equally austere. The yellow pressed brick of the walls looks like cheap painted material. Marble would have been infinitely better, and not much more expensive. Let it be hoped the interior will make up for all outside deficiencies. As to the matter of exits I understand that Chief Gicquel expresses the opinion that they are somewhat too narrow; but this remains to be seen.

* * *

The work on the Broadway portions of the Casino roof is nearly completed. It is very elaborate, and the delay was necessitated for that reason. The tower over which the lyre flutters at night is especially attractive. Romantic seats are arranged around the centre of this point of vantage, and the semi-darkness which there prevails will be found especially charming by spoonful couples. Star-gazing from this place is practicable, and the glimpse of fairyland across the balcony in the direction of the garden proper is conducive to mild flirtation. I trust the emblem which surrounds the tower will not signify merely its phonetic meaning to those who will congregate beneath it.

* * *

The particulars of the robbery of Fred Marsden's house I have direct from the owner himself. "Every lock has been broken," he writes, "and all our clothing, my wife's lace—in short, everything that could be easily carried was taken. The police have the house in charge and summon us to the city, but I am so pressed with the work on Scanlan's play that I fear I shall be unable to leave." I am sorry for Marsden's loss; but he (and the public) should be congratulated on the fact that the despoilers were good enough to leave all the victim's manuscripts intact.

* * *

Edwin Thorne asks me to note the fact that his company have sent him a letter expressing their thanks for the gentlemanly and thoroughly professional manner in which he treated them throughout their tour. This I can do with pleasure, for it is agreeable to know that the efforts of a manager to observe the theatrical amenities are appreciated by his associates in business.

* * *

John S. Shriver, the accomplished critic of the Baltimore American, who deserves a wide and well deserved popularity among the profession, is at Amsterdam, in Holland, sending hasty despatches of the International Exhibitors being held there to his paper. Shriver will be missed from his post during the early part of the season, but he will return before the Autumn is over and resume the post which he fills with honor to himself and his chief.

* * *

It may seem incredible to my readers that anyone should have been so deficient in sense, delicacy and decency as to make a direct tender of a bribe to a member of THE MIRROR's staff with a view to securing a fulsome puff in these columns; but such is really the fact. One day last week I was approached by a person who failed from down East, with an offer to insert a paragraph in these columns setting forth his abilities as a juvenile actor, describing his exquisitely loud taste in the matter of dress and advocating his claims for securing an engagement forthwith. I divined at once that the man was an ignorant clodhopper who knew no better and consequently let him off with a sharp reprimand and the assurance that he had mistaken the shop. He will, perhaps, have learned by this time that reputable journalists are quite impervious to the inducements he so freely offers. I mention the incident merely

to show that there are many Miles removed or large, measured by the restrictions of the language to which they properly belong. I am glad to add that the fellow who endeavored to seduce the Author is a green novice who is never likely to attain the right to use the name of author. I propose to watch his course, however, and keep a sharp eye upon him. If he should acquire any particularly enviable position, I shall remember this nice little proposition and give his name that prominence in connection with it that he would undoubtedly deserve.

John A. Stevens sends me a somewhat impudent telegram stating that his play, *The Second Love*, is a magnificent success in "Fifteen. I am glad to hear this, but I don't believe it all the same. Some other testimony in such a case is necessary besides that of the slightly interested author. Mr. Stevens' opinion is directly the reverse of that given by the majority of the California critics, and I cannot accept it without some small amount of corroboration. This has not yet been forthcoming; so the subject, as far as I am concerned, must stand exactly as it was before Mr. Stevens' electric message was flashed across the continent.

* * *

The bald-heads are happy, and so are the low forehead, as Frank Gardner terms the mass of theatregoers. Two grand bullet proofs are in prospect, and twinkling legs in flesh-colored tights will, before our next issue, be fascinating the basiliak gaze of our antique city. I never could appreciate legs properly myself. The bulgy carefully swelled limbs which periodically make their appearance in public certainly have nothing in them or outside of them to please the artistic eye. But there's no use in denying that they catch the dollars of a numerous class of theatre-goers, who take an occult delight in fastening their orbs upon the understandings of a crowd of half-starved corpiques, for the most part graduated from the busy shops of this great and mysterious city. Where they come from or where they go to is of not the slightest importance to anybody. So long as they display the members which nature gave them to get about on, it's all right.

* * *

Little has been heard of late regarding the new theatre on Third avenue, where the American used to be. Frank Curtis informed me the other evening that the work is so far advanced that the house will be ready for occupancy a week earlier than was expected. The decorators are now at their duties and the place is entirely completed down to the dress circle. Because Curtis and his partner have been as quiet as a pair of theatrical mice it must not for a moment be supposed that they have been idle.

* * *

Edwin Booth's plans for finishing the Summer have undergone a complete change. A fortnight ago he suddenly decided to move into his new Newport cottage. Hastily buying a lot of furniture, some horses and carriages, and other essentials, he located there last Monday week. Owing to the continued ill-health of young Mr. Vaux, I understand that the engagement between him and Mr. Booth's daughter has been broken off.

* * *

John Howson, after his prolonged comic opera season at the Boston Museum, which finished Saturday night, went down to a pleasant Maine watering-place, where he will pass a part of what is left of the Summer vacation. Mrs. Howson, who returned from England last week with John's bright son and heir in tow, has gone down to join in the pleasure-making of the head of the family.

* * *

I met Oscar Wilde, for the first time since his return, on the Square yesterday, and the improvement in his aspect was so great that I scarcely recognized him. He has not yet "stuck an eye-glass in his ocular," but he has submitted to all the changes described by Bumthorne as necessary to become a commonplace young man. The locks which were formerly the pride of Oscar's head have been ruthlessly sacrificed to the barber's shears; the nondescript silk tie of appalling height, that erst adorned his noble brow, has been discarded for a mackinaw, which the wearer carelessly bears as far back on his head as circumstances, and a stoop, will allow; the dark greens and blues—insignia of the inner brotherhood—have given way to a *negligé* Scotch tweed of light color and stylish cut, and the unutterably intense terra-cotta necktie that formerly encircled his transcendental gullet is replaced by a punjab scarf of conventional pattern. Altogether Oscar has lost his too-tooness—a token that his first visit to our shores did him good. Now that he is purged of the more offensive of those eccentricities which some people were wont to stigmatize as a sham, he is no longer a legitimate target for jest; in fact, he must be taken seriously. In that spirit, let it be hoped, Vera and its author will receive fair treatment from our quill-slingers next Monday night.

* * *

A letter just received by Mrs. Cynthia Leonard from Lillian Russell states that on the night of the 29th of July the Prince and Princess of Wales attended the Gailey and saw Virginia. According to Lillian, they were so pleased with her performance that they sent for her to come to their box after the curtain fell. The Prince shook our fair dudine by the hand

and his spouse complimented her highly and her voice, acting and appearance. No doubt this event will become historical, and like most matters of history be handed down by future generations. By the way, I gather that Lillian has consented to say whether the Princess should shake hands with her or not. This is a very impudent detail, and all dudies should be set at rest by an immediate cablegram from London.

* * *

Mrs. Leonard, to whom I am indebted for the above intelligence, showed me a batch of London papers, containing notices of her daughter's first appearance to substantiate her assertion that Lillian made a pronounced hit. On inspection I find that such weekly authorities as the *Newspaper Referee*, *Prize-Winner*, *Sporting Times*, *Figure*, and *Whitehall Review* bestow commendatory notices upon the lady's performance. Before accepting these opinions as the critical voice of the British metropolis I should like to see some of the comments of the dailies.

Mr. Wilde Sanguine About Vera.

A *Minion* reporter, disappointed in not seeing a dress rehearsal of *Vera* at the Union Square Theatre yesterday, it being postponed until Friday evening, called on Oscar Wilde at the Brunswick in hopes of obtaining some interesting details regarding the production. After being assured that a regular extended interview was not to be inflicted upon him, Mr. Wilde launched into a confidential chat, something as follows:

"There is nothing much new that I can tell you. You see, I've been interviewed so much, that the story must be familiar."

A question was hazarded as to what would be the result should *Vera* prove unsuccessful. "Oh, now, I don't wish to entertain such a possibility. It cannot fail, but must be a success. Mounted as it will be and in the hands of such a good company, I cannot see how it can be otherwise than a success. Yet while attending rehearsals I find each time so many new things to learn. Really, we should all be stage carpenters; then we would understand all the minute details which most managers are unacquainted with, until they are brought face to face with them at rehearsals. Dramatists and actors are on the same level—neither one below or above that line. The dramatist writes his best thoughts into a play and the actor endeavors by facial expression and action to present the same to his audience, which is quite as important."

"Then you claim that the success of a piece is in the acting?"

"Where the play is not really bad—yes. In olden times fine things were written, but principally intended to be uttered by mouth alone. Now we write to have our ideas acted. In old French plays you will find between each line large gaps. These admit of proper action. A person feels pain and shows the feeling before it can be told off in words. Hence the pauses between sentences, if in the hands of artists, can be made exceedingly interesting, and that is the beauty of successful play-writing, and in your own line—brevity—doing away with and cutting out all superfluous matter."

"Of course you are pleased with your company?"

"Very much. Miss Prescott's *Emilia*, in her support of *Salvini*, decided me to give my play to her. That was a great performance. In case *Vera* should prove a failure it will further teach me and give rise to the question, 'Why is it?'"

"But haven't you another play to follow *Vera*?"

"Yes, I have; but it has not been announced. It is a story of the Sixteenth century, and I've named it *The Duchess of Padua*. I began writing it while here before, but found myself unable to make headway while rushing around the country in trains. So when I went home I spent three months in Paris, and if *Vera* is a success I should like very much to put it on here. Unlike England, you have no provinces; but with Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and other large cities, you have distinct and great audiences."

At this juncture a salver of mail matter was brought to Mr. Wilde, and the reporter considerably withdrew.

Breaking a Contract.

From George Wilson, of the firm of Barlow, Wilson and Company, a representative of THE MIRROR obtained the following statement regarding the business methods of some Western circuit managers.

"I wish," said Mr. Wilson, "you will publish the facts I am about to relate to you for the benefit of the profession at large. Some time since we entered into a contract with the 'Western Dramatic Association,' as it is called, composed of Messrs. Brown, Kaufman and Corning, to play over the Colorado circuit. The first few nights we had poor business, upon which the Western Dramatic Association seized that as a pretext to break the contract. We went right along, nevertheless, and played the whole circuit on our own hook, paying our own expenses."

"When we finished at Denver we turned around and sued the W. D. A. for violation of contract, and were told by our attorney that we had a good case and would certainly recover. The Association, I believe, is solid financially. We had uniformly good business throughout the West. At Milwaukee this week we re-organized, and will be joined by Billy Carter,

Frank Warren, the Allerton (Dumont), the Mental (Vivandiere), Harry J. Cleary, our former manager, using of his services with other organizations, refer to us."

The Boston in Hallein.

James Alliger spent his summer vacation in Hallein as the guest of Manager H. B. Clarke, of the Academy of Music. He has just returned to town, preparatory to taking his place with the *Charles-Taylor* company, with the business management of which he has been connected for several seasons. In a conversation with a *Minion* reporter, Mr. Alliger said:

"The past season in Hallein, under the management of Mr. Clarke, was a poor one. None but first-class attractions were offered. The *Charles* did a fine business. Mr. Clarke is a particular favorite there, his reputation rating among the better classes of society. Mr. Langley had an erratic. He told me that Hallein required far very much of him. She is a charming lady, and a most simplicity of manner is her chief attraction. She was much pleased with her engagement, and will return this winter. There are over three thousand in post—the *Herzogspalast* (Regal), the *Caruso* (with Prince George of Wales on board), and the *Orfeo*, besides two regiments in the garrison. I like Hallein. The people are so very hospitable, and in this respect much resemble the Southerners. There are plenty of amusements in the summer season, and the public gardens are very beautiful and kept in perfect order."

"The *Lyon* company played a three weeks season, and were well received. They opened in *Around the World*, and then produced the *Madison Square* (success); the *Bartley Campbell's White Slave* and *Galley Slave*, and the *Lights o' London*. The plays were put on splendidly, and much attention was given to details in mounting. *Lyon*, Morris, Strong, Roberts, the Misses Blanche Mortimer, Baker, Stuart, Donald and Miss Poole became favorites. An English Opera company did a good business with a fair company, the stars being *Louis Baldwin*, *Flora Barry*, *Percy Cooper* and *Sig. Brasile*. Manager Clarke will be in town next week."

Railroad Rates in Texas.

Some time ago the Texas Legislature passed a law making the fare on all railroads in the State for all passengers three cents per mile. As the majority of the roads were getting about five cents from the general public, this large decrease in their revenue obliged them to cut off all special rates, and theatrical people were thus almost forced out of the State, and the Texans, though enjoying cheap fares, were deprived of first-class amusements and the opportunity of seeing the finest artists, who were travelling in other sections.

Now this is all changed. The railroads this season are offering special inducements to the profession. Two cents per mile is the general fare, and even lower rates are given in large combinations. From two and a half to one and a half cents is quite a reduction, and is a strong inducement to companies to travel through Texas and over the Missouri Pacific system. This, known as the Gould system, comprises the Missouri and Pacific, Missouri, Kansas and Texas, Central branch Union Pacific, St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern, Texas and Pacific, International and Great Northern, Galveston, Houston and Henderson, and the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific railroads—in all, 9,757 miles. Only two changes are necessary from New York to San Francisco by way of Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific and Texas-Pacific. On these roads, for an advance agent one ticket will be filled out, and one-half the regular rate charged. For a company, one ticket with the number of members is sufficient; but these rates are given to only bona fide theatrical or other amusement companies.

These special tickets are on sale at all principal stations, except in Texas. After reaching Texas the rates of that State are made. Outside these, special tickets are for single trip only. No reduction is made for troupes of less than four persons, though the advance agent of a troupe of three persons besides himself may get the half-fare for his own use. Two hundred pounds of baggage for each person in the troupe and the bill trunks of advance men may be checked free. However, this does not apply to baggage checked at St. Louis Union Depot, as no weight in excess of 150 pounds for one person is checked free from there. Birds in cages, dogs and other small animals may be carried free on risk of damage being sustained by owners. Horses, ponies or donkeys will be charged for full weight at regular excess of baggage rates—fifteen per cent. of first-class unlimited ticket rate per 100 pounds at owners' risk of damage, on presentation of a permit from the General Eastern Passenger Agent, H. B. McClellan, 243 Broadway, only on conditions named in the permit, viz.: "That such animals not being properly speaking, baggage, this company will not be responsible for their safety, nor will they be received in baggage cars of trains Nos. 1, 2, and 4—601, 602, 603 and 604—not in any baggage car which may be too heavily loaded to receive them."

Agents writing for permits for transportation of animals must give the weights of the same, which will be inserted in the permit. Managers having large companies or large amounts of baggage should advise the station agent in advance.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

The Actor's Responsibility.

At the recent banquet given in his honor, Mr. Irving, remains the editor of a leading London journal, while modestly accepting the compliment paid upon his career as actor and manager, partly associated himself with them, and with his brother and sister prominent in it. He did not thrust himself forward, as our managers are wont to do, as the star manager, but he stood rather in the shade of the other players, as if, for the time being, he was their spokesman and representative. He spoke as much for and from himself as he did for and from himself. "The drama of the forces entrusted to me by my countrymen has been reached to-night," he said, "you have set upon me a burden of responsibility which I gladly and proudly bear." It may be safely said that, in uttering this statement, the speaker felt conscious that the leading factor which had brought about his success had been the inward acknowledgment of responsibility to, and reverence for, the art he endeavored to serve. This, most assuredly, may be taken for granted, that without possessing a keen and sensitive appreciation of the responsibility due to his art, without feeling that his principle guides and directs his efforts, no player is likely to permanently succeed. The dramatic historian and student can recount the numerous successes which so quickly grew up, and even more quickly withered, because no principle was at hand to add dignity to the work, and no acknowledgment of responsibility brought from it honest pleasure.

The player lives to please; but even in the giving of pleasure there is responsibility. The art of acting, like every other calling or profession, has to be zealously undertaken at the start, nurtured as it grows, and followed up with incessant care and study, so that dignity as well as success may shed its lustre on the actor. For if the player lives to please, he must also please to live; and, when once he loses sight of the stubborn fact that acting is a responsible art, then his covenant with the public is broken. The higher that the actor rises in the scale of excellence, the more does his audience expect from him; and just because he has led them to expect much, so does his responsibility become awakened, urging him on to give more and more. He must not pose as one who, having performed a wizard's trick, laughs at the result and then retires. He must keep soaring, by patient perseverance, ever to be in public favor. He has made for himself a position, and he must needs retain it. If he does not, others will jostle him out of the course. The public are perhaps a little ungenerous in that they are apt to forget too soon, and to be on with some new favorite before they know that they are quite off with the old. This increases the responsibility, for no one knows better than the player that—

In a theatre the eyes of men,

After a well-acted actor leaves the stage.

Are idly bent on him that enters next.

The end of all acting is "to hold the mirror up to nature," and surely he who would undertake such a task must bow down to its surrounding responsibility. Life is too varied a subject to allow of the mirror being held up at any angle, or in any haphazard way. There are rules and lines which must be followed—responsibilities which must be borne. "Differing actors have different methods," wrote Mr. Irving, some time ago, when inditing a preface to Talma's pamphlet, "but their common purpose can be accomplished only by the closest study and observation. Acting, like every other art, has a mechanism. No painter, however great his imaginative power, can succeed in pure ignorance of the technicalities of his art; and no actor can make much progress till he has mastered a certain mechanism which is within the scope of patient intelligence." Too often, with too many of the theatrical profession, there exists the intelligence, but not the equally necessary patience. In this there lies the one responsibility of the actor—to learn, to labor, and to wait.

Besides this burden of responsibility which, as the actor, Mr. Irving confessed he was glad and proud to bear, there were the further obligations due by him in his capacity as manager which, beyond their mere though primary commercial aspect, involve an allegiance to the respectability and dignity of his art. "No one of the fine arts is to be despised," writes the French actor Coquelin, "and the only true disgrace lies in attaching honor to the exercise of talent." Here is the other field to which responsibility extends. If the modern stage is daily becoming a more popular institution, does not this same popularity bring with it attendant risks? Does it not bring about more familiarity than is sometimes good? and may not contempt for its honorable maintenance spring therefrom? The wider the area over which the influence of the theatre spreads, the heavier grow the responsibilities of those who have to exert that influence. What must needs elevate the position of the drama is the elevation of its social as well as its intellectual value, and all must be done for the one great cause of art. The heavier and more solid work of the stage must always have an anti-thesis in the shape of lighter work, but the true spirit of art may be an apparent in the one as in the other. The principle must always be the same. The intellect must be appealed to, and the show must not be merely something for the eye to see and the ear to hear: the heart must be made to feel, both eye and ear becoming on it all the beauties they can catch. But not alone upon the stage must this principle be upheld. The theatre, though a school, should not be a place we wish to shun. Let us have the best that art can give us while the class is at work, and let us have Nature's true men and women to meet when the work is done. With the higher social position which the stage is now assuming, let us bid good-bye to its profligacy, and its enemies will have no more stones to cast at it. But in achieving this, the responsibility must be borne by all—managers, by actors, and by the public. With managers, of course, it chiefly rests to clean and purify the stage. If they give only representations that are of good report, the public will soon shun what is meretricious and "gladly and proudly" bear the responsibility. Art and

nature have to work harmoniously on the stage, and in the ripening and elevating of his art, the actor's responsibility lies. Milton has replied for the one. Who shall reply for the perfection and completeness of the other?

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;

Do thou but thine.

This view of the actor's responsibility is not a new one. When, in 1753, the Rev. Edward Moore's tragedy *The Gamester* was produced, Dr. Young remarked that "Gaming was not such a comic as the concluding scene of the play presented." Paul Whitehead wrote to Garrick, warning him of the influence the stage had on the minds of the people:

A nation's tastes depend on you;

Perhaps a nation's virtue, too.

Archbishop Blaikie also argued with Betterton upon the merits of their respective professions. "I don't know," said the prelate, "how it is that you actors, when speaking of imaginary things, contrive to affect your audiences as if they were real things; whereas we clergymen, when speaking of real things, seem only to affect our audiences as though we were speaking imaginary things." The master, however, must not be taken in too serious a way, for the primary object of the theatre is to amuse, though this same amusement may become relaxation of an intellectual character.

For other purpose was that spot designed—
To purge the passion and reform the mind;
To give to all the force of art, to mend the heart.

Critical Independence.

The Buffalo *Courier* on Sunday devoted a column to a leading editorial on the dramatic critic and his personal and professional relations to actors. The article is so sensible and true that we shrewdly suspect it was contributed by Thomas Keene, the *Courier's* accomplished dramatic editor, in which case professionals and journalists will doubly value it. In any case they will be indebted to us for its reproduction:

In the personal column of *Harper's Weekly* we find this paragraph:

"There is at least one dramatic critic connected with the daily press of New York City who preserves his independence by declining to accept free tickets to the theatre. He buys tickets when desiring to see a play. Moreover he has no social relations with actors, actresses or managers, neither seeking acquaintance with them personally nor allowing himself to be brought into their society. When he writes criticisms in a public journal he wishes to feel absolutely free to say what he believes to be the truth."

This paragraph is undoubtedly meant to be complimentary, but it is double-edged and is really more suggestive of "crankism" and affectation than genuine independence. If the *Weekly* had put its statement in another form it would have covered its ground just as completely and reached the truth more directly; and its paragraph would then run something like this:

"There is at least one dramatic critic connected with the daily press of New York City who is more eccentric than wise, and who so far distrusts his own integrity and independence that he cannot accept the courtesies of a theatre and has not the courage to meet an actor, actress or manager, socially or otherwise, lest they might prejudice his judgment and thus impair his efficiency as a critic."

This obverse side of the picture is not so flattering to the dramatic critic referred to as the other, but it is more truthful. There may not be any such critic; certainly we cannot recognize the original among the gentlemen of the New York press with whose work we are at all familiar; and it may be that some novice in the art of criticism is anxious to win such approval for fastidiousness of conscience as he could never hope to secure for ability as a critic. The critic goes to the theatre primarily in the interests of the journal he represents and whose dramatic department is well or ill sustained by his skill. He assumes through his journal to inform the public of his estimate of the play and the representation of it, and to do so honestly and well. He has no right to slight his work, he has no warrant for misleading the public, and he is untrue to his obligations if he deals unfairly with manager, actor or play. If he is new in the business he will, unless he is singularly well balanced, desire to obtrude his own personality even in offensive ways; he will "pitch into" everything, to show how critical and independent he is; and in his eager desire to be considered a critic he will sacrifice, if need be, the good names of people in the dramatic profession who have forgotten more about the dramatic art in a week than our friend the novice has accumulated in his whole lifetime. The true critic never inflicts needless pain; he is never churlish nor spiteful; he has never expresses indignation unless there has been a wanton disregard of professional obligation or he is dealing with a condition of things in which loftiness of pretense is coupled with poverty of effort; he delights in good work, and the superlatives of approbation come readily to his aid in dealing with brilliant histrionic achievements; but if he must find fault he does so more in sorrow than in anger and will point out to the actor wherein lies his weakness in conception or execution. He is supposed to know something about the drama, and what any particular play is intended to set forth; and assuredly he should know what any character he sees represented stands for if he would deal intelligently with the performance. The critic should have something of the true judicial temper in his make-up, and his judgment should always be such as to command the respect and confidence of his readers. If he has the true qualities of the critic, by which we mean a wide knowledge of the dramatic art, critical acumen, honesty and independence, he will not need to indulge in the small affectation of buying his own tickets instead of accepting what by common consent is his right, and he will not refuse to meet ladies and gentlemen of a profession with which, it is a true dramatic critic, he must be in strong sympathy. If he is so tremulously sensitive to outside influences, if he cannot meet artists without suffering an impairment of his judgment and the destruction of his efficiency as a critic, he lacks the stamina the critic ought to be possessed of, and he does well to protect himself from harm. How would a paragraph

"The reviewer of the *Atlanta Journal* refused to meet Herbert Spencer during his recent visit to this country, because he may by have to pass judgment on his latest work. The reviewer has no social relations with modern writers or thinkers, neither seek-

ing acquaintance with them personally nor allowing himself to be brought into their society. When he writes for his magazine he wishes to feel absolutely free to say what he believes to be the truth."

This ideal reviewer is no more absurd than the other. If the rule of conduct enunciated in the paragraph under consideration is correct, then the art critic must keep aloof from the sculptor and the painter; the musical critic must never acknowledge the acquaintance of a composer or an artist; the political editor must deny himself the pleasure of social relations with his fellow-citizens of an opposite political creed, have some of their number may be enforcement candidates for place in the course of their lives; and all journalists would be required to ignore office-holders and office-holders for the obvious reason that acquaintance or intimacy with them must inevitably destroy their usefulness as newspaper writers. The judge on the bench would have to suffer isolation if this rule were to hold good; and what would become of the minister of the gospel who has from time to time to tell very good friends of his of their moral and spiritual shortcomings? On the whole this charming eccentricism, this preternatural sensitiveness will scarcely pass current in this sociable, work-a-day world for critical skill and many independence.

For other purpose was that spot designed—
To purge the passion and reform the mind;
To give to all the force of art, to mend the heart.

And, while it charms the ear, to mend the heart.

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The Life of a Minstrel.
By LOUISA WADDELL.

31.

On Frank's arrival in Dublin he found lodgings in a hotel room. His father was a citizen in the Four Courts, Dublin, a man of means from the County of Clare. His property, always heavily mortgaged, was enough to cover the most strenuous and arduous of a Parliament sitting in Scotland, while Ireland means always the in the country, because as it is always the interest of two parties in any contest to crush the other, there are only three in all. The law in question is called popularly "The Ecclesiastical Estates Act," and it provides for the very many subtleties of a party already impelled by the evil effects of the want of legal legislation and the departure of most of the wealthy and cultivated families beyond the seas, consequent on the fact that the seat of Parliament is in London.

How would the people of New York relish being governed by a legislature that convened in Washington? We know there would be a host of indignation go up from earth to heaven and on foot of hotly volunteers would spring to arms in defense of their rights and liberties, yet that is exactly the case in which the kingdom of Ireland finds itself. It goes without saying that all such places as this infamous "Encumbered Estates Act," "Land League," "Young Ireland," "Orangeism," "Feudalism" and the like are nothing but the spurs of the incoming tide of national legislation. Erroneous as they undoubtedly are they are precursors of a state of things in which the people will make their own laws, suited to the circumstances and interests of the country. That time has not come yet, however. Nations must go through the process of evolution as well as animals and vegetables, and the law of the survival of the fittest holds equally in peoples as in people. All the bad laws ever made cannot stem the tide of advancing destiny, nor can any process of culling give strength to a weakening race. If the Irish Celtic people have the quality of stanchness that has raised their oppressors, the Anglo-Normans, to the crown of human progress, they will attain to the throne also—if not, not.

Meantime all these convulsive and pointless struggles and wriggling folk call by the high-sounding names of reform, progress, culture and advance result in no more than the kicking against the pricks castigated by that astute proto-Methodist, Paul of Tarsus. All premature efforts at untimely advancement, whether in nature, politics, religion, art or literature, resembles the adventurous ripple that may be seen shooting ahead of the flowing tide only to be swallowed up by the arid, thirsty sand, while the main body of water, like the great mass of mankind, presses forward with slow but resistless energy, till by mere weight and solidity the treacherous quicksands are beaten down into a firm and water-proof basin for the victorious ocean to deposit in.

This somewhat didactic digression may be pardoned for its relationship to the events that now began permanently to mould Frank's career in life. All avenues of advancement seemed to be closed to him. The family had barely enough to live upon modestly; there was a brand of treason-felony upon his name, which effectually prevented him from availing himself of the usual resource of young Irish gentlemen of good family but narrow fortunes, "something under government." A cadetship in the military army of occupation euphemistically designated "constabulary" in Ireland, but which is in reality a force of light infantry, mounted, officered, armed, drilled, paid and equipped in a manner that would do credit to any body of soldiers in the world and equaling in number the entire regular service of the United States before the war, which the interest of Frank's family obtained, was indignantly refused by the patriotic and idiotic young hero, and he for the first time thought himself to turn his musical gifts to account. Accordingly, he resumed his studies under Logier, took singing lessons from Joseph Robins—then, and we believe now, the leading master of that art in Dublin—joined the "Society of Ancient Concerts," the Philharmonic Society, and was one of the originators of the Orpheus Club, an association of gay singers of both the English and German school. Frank studied hard, for he loved the art for its own sake, and his work was a pleasure to him. Indeed, we doubt if there be any real value in work that is not a pleasure. He assured that if a boy or girl has to be driven to the fiddle or piano with stripes, that boy or girl will never make a good fiddler or pianist. A child may be forced into that unhealthy pre-destination that fills our dressing-rooms with cacophony and makes our evening parties places of torture to all connoisseurs save. A girl may be driven into playing "The Maiden's Prayer," or even, alack, that we should chronicle the perfusion, a Chopin mazurka, after the manner of an organist; but an artist never came save of his own free will—*Posta narratur non agit*—and we would counsel parents to let their children severally alone in matters of art. If the fire be in them, it will find a vent some how. If there be caught but a smouldering, smoky and evil-smelling cinder, better it should go out in peace and offend nobody's nose or ears, than be by injudicious blustering into a scorching flame and a noxious smoke. Therefore our modern forcing system of education mostly fails. What is the use of educating people, whose dull brains can never rise beyond the circle of earth, with celestial contents? The leprechauns when fed with manna, from above—ups, from heaven itself—began after plenty food, even the quails of pleasure, which as everybody knows who has been there, are akin to the sage hen of Colchis, and easily驯able to the palate and taste of the taste.

Frank, in Dublin, was one of three, and, indeed, he studied early and late, and became a master of his art, practical and theoretical, and though his people in their pride and conceit thought him beyond his position in life, such pupils he could get, and their money by singing in the

choirs of various churches. The Jesuit Church of St. Francis Xavier, in Grafton street, held his ministrations the longest, and then he continued on four singer for nearly eight months. During this time a cause of action began. The organist was possessed with a desire to go to Rome for the purpose of studying the Catholic musical ritual at the famous school, especially the oration "Miserere," of the great composer, Allegri, which is only to be found in the treasury of the Sistine Chapel in the city of the Seven Hills—and the seven deadly sins also. Now, the said organist taught music in a convent of Ursuline nuns, situated near Athlone, in the west of Ireland, to which place he was invited by means of one of the few invitations yet remaining in Ireland—singing all Sunday night, teaching all Monday, and teaching back on Monday night again. The income derived from this contract made a very considerable part of the organist's gains, and, naturally, he was unwilling to give it up. He went about to see what he could do. If he appointed a regular professional teacher, the chances were ten to one that he would find his son put out of joint and his place usurped on his return. If he sent a man minister the debt would be disputed, and he would lose his place by dislocation. His honor was disgusted within him, when he lighted upon the plan of getting Frank to supply his place while he was absent. The lad jumped at the offer as a salmon at a May fly.

There was flavor of romance about the affair that was intoxicating. To travel by night into the wild West; to go among hooded men and white-robed novices; to enter the very Holy of Holies—the mysterious recesses of a Catholic convent. Frank, bred a Protestant of the strictest sect, knew naught of convents, save what he had learned from novels; and monastic life was a region of glamour and misty romance, peopled by mental figures, "the figures of the brain," and filled with strange lights of devotion and sounds of heavenly music—*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. What we have never seen is always tempting—what we are familiar with is monotonous.

"A distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

The organist was able to make very good terms with Frank for his vicarious services—in fact, very little more than bare travelling expenses sufficed the lad who burned with anxiety to pursue the adventure. The only sticking point was Frank's youth. That, however, was smoothed away by reason of the mild and modest expression of his countenance, or rather put on by him, which gave him more the air of an acolyte than an ex-midshipman. Well, all was settled; the Mother Superior was informed that a pupil of the organist would take his place during the two months that he was to spend in Rome. The said pupil was described as being young, but of a gentle and pious disposition, given to study and safe to trust among any number of young girls—as, indeed, he was, if the young girls were safe to be trusted themselves—for it is rare, indeed, that a man thrusts his attentions upon a woman against her will. There is, for the most part, some temptation offered—some lifting of the eyelid in modest invitation—some lingering of the palm in half-unwilling clasp—some token, however slight, that a man's *petits soins* will not be unwelcome—before even the boldest will adventure. "The woman tempted me and I did eat" was the oldest case of "mashing" and yielding on record, and it may be noticed that the man was not the *initiator*; also that he was ready then as now to make the woman bear the blame. Frank was somewhat chivalrous in his notions. No Joseph was he, but never could woman lay her ruin at his door. Throughout a life of more than average temptation he could say truly that he never ate till he had been tempted, and yet he seldom went hungry.

The night travel on top of the coach was a novelty, but not a rapture. Cold, sleepy and stiff Frank arrived in Athlone and then had to proceed by an outside car to his destination, the convent of St. Mary's, some ten miles from the burgh. Arrived there, he found that he was lodged in a neighboring cottage, for the convent ground was far too holy to be profaned by a heretic, save in the way of business. However, he was to take his meals at the convent, in company with the priest, who "made the souls" of the Sisters and their pupils. After a couple of hours' rest in a bed that was fragrant with lavender and clean linen, he strolled up to the house of religion, where a comfortable breakfast, the Mother Superior and a portly priest awaited his coming.

The Mother Superior, a lady of about fifty, of benign aspect and pleasant manners, received Frank politely, but with an air that said plainly: "You are among us; but not of us; so keep your place, young man"—which he was well content to do. The old lady then presented him to the portly father, saying, "Father O'Hara, this is Mr. Frank L'Estrange, a pupil of Mr. Jenkins, who has kindly taken his place during his visit to Rome."

Father O'Hara shook hands with the lad and said, good humoredly: "I am very glad to see you, Mr. L'Estrange; if I do not mistake you are cousin to a great friend and brother of mine, Henry McGuire, of the Church of the Conception." Now, it so happened that Frank L'Estrange, although bred a Protestant, had by the mother's side a lot of Catholic cousins—that is, the boys were all Catholics and the girls were all Protestants. The lads following the religion of their father; the girls that of their mother. This Henry McGuire was a friar of La Trappe for some years and used to hold his tongue perpetually; dig a foot of his own grave; wear haircloth next his skin and flagellate himself soundly once a week. On his return to Ireland he went to live with a sister who was the type of the old-fashioned Irish dame, spoke French with the purest Parisian accent, English with the flattest Dublin brogue, gave her tongue free license to say what it would, and had her own way in everything. She, of course, was a Protestant, and used to tell the poor friar most unmercifully about his "fastin' an' prayin'" and wearin' a dirty old shirt made out of the bottom of a chair, or less, an' batin' himself like a jactan, as he was, an' all for the glory of God, as if God hadn't somethin' better to do nor be botherin' about the likes of that poor leprechaun." Bit by bit did the portly friar first conceal, then neglect his conventional observances; fewer and fewer grew his flappings till they ceased at last; the hair shirt gave place to a merino singlet; the prayers reduced themselves to the normal length and frequency required by the church. The mass, which on his first ministration was so elaborately chanted, and so faithfully carried out in every minor detail, that it lasted a good twenty minutes longer than when sung by one of the ordinary clergy, to the great discontent of his fellow ministrants who, poor men, were hungering for that morning meal,

not permissible before the holy sacrifice. Mass was partitioned over by this bumbling friar with a regularity that satisfied even the most impudent of the noisy clergy ringing for their bell.

Father O'Hara had been a classmate of Father McGuire's at St. Omers, and a brother at La Trappe at the same period. As the latter he too had "suffered a sea-change," and from a fat friar had transformed to a portly portly priest, who loved his glass of porter and could sing the "Catharine Lass" with the merriment. Frank was instantly received with favor, "Grace à nos ames L'Amie," and the pair sat down to a banquet of boiled beans, poached eggs, ham and turnips, bacon, onions, potatoes in their jackets, and stout jackets as rugged as the fellow who dug them, with this difference that the turnips of the potato was the result of laughing—that of the man from an opposite cause. Tea, coffee and a black bottle of "Uigrode," or the water of life, supplied the liquid part of the feast to which the fat father and Frank did ample justice. Frank was originally surprised to find that a priest made a most jolly companion. Hitherto his experiences of clerical company had been dismally. His mother had been a woman of very strict Protestant principles, leaning sometimes to Puritanism, inasmuch that she had sat for some time under the preaching of the Rev. David Stewart, pastor of Union Chapel, Abbey Street, and brother to the late dry goods man of New York, A. T. Stewart, whose cold corpus had such a trick of disappearing. Doctor Stewart was an eloquent and unctuous preacher, and the whole L'Estrange brood might have well been drawn away from the fold of the Established Church but for the accident of the Rev. David, who had contracted the habit of refreshing himself rather too often with the hospitable sisters of the congregation—one Sabbath stuck in the middle of the Lord's Prayer and by no means could be brought to finish it, but had to retire ingloriously, leaving his sermon for that time unpreached, but taking his soda water freely, and as, according to Byron, no mean authority on the subject, sermons should always go with soda water, for how says the poet—

In the evening mirth and laughter—
Sermions and soda water the day after.

The Rev. David did not follow the right order of things, and therefore his elders reprieved him; but the valiant soldier of Christ returned on his assailants and said:

"My Brethren in the Lord, by reason of a slight mistake, you talk of dismissing me from the pastorate of this congregation. Now, it is I who am going to dismiss this congregation from my pastorate—seeing that the lease of the chapel is vested in my name, and that so long as I pay the rent I am the owner thereof. Therefore, brethren, I'll trouble you to find another church." And they did; but Frank's mother, being somewhat disgusted with that form of religion, incontinently returned to the bosom of the Church repentant. Frank had been through so many of these evangelical spasms on the part of his mother, and, after her demise, of his various aunts, that his notions of religion, never confirmed—his practice being *nil*—and the hilarity of the fat Father O'Hara tickled him mightily; but duty called and he was introduced to his first pupil—a novice in all the purity of white veil and native innocence; but such an important event demands another chapter.

(To be continued.)

Percy's English Observations.

Townsend Percy, who has been on the other side for nine weeks, returned last week. In conversation with a MIRROR reporter yesterday he said:

"While away I met most of the prominent people connected with the drama and literature. Although not seeing all the places of amusement, I still did my share in that line. My special interest was in comic opera. Rip Van Winkle is not mounted so well as when produced in America; but the company is superior. Fred Leslie is a wonderfully clever comedian, and his performance of Rip I would call nearly equal to Mr. Jefferson's. Violet Cameron is not the kind of girl to take her. She is cold, with a smooth pale face, having the appearance of cut marble; yet it seems well suited to the Dutch character, and in costume, with a long flaxen braid down her back, she makes a very pleasing picture. Lionel Brough I consider not equal to Richard Mansfield, who acted Vedder here.

"The reigning favorite with the 'Gaiety masters' is Florence St. John. She is pretty as a picture, and after seeing her several times one is completely fascinated. Her manner is not so broad as the French; but she is the charming embodiment of *chic*. She hasn't as good a voice as Lillian Russell, and that of Marius is quite hoarse. Miss St. John is to tour the English provinces, beginning about Christmas-tide, and wishes to come to America. Although Manager McCaull has gone over with a view to getting her, from a conversation I had with the lady and her manager it's doubtful if he succeeds. At the Savoy I saw Iolanthe, which is very nicely done, and will run until Christmas. Then Gilbert and Sullivan's new burlesque of Tennyson's Princess will be put on. This is not to be called an opera, but a musical comedy, and not yet named. As a number of American managers have already claimed to have it for production here, you might say emphatically that I have it direct from D'Oyly Carte that no one in America has any right or title to it, and no theatre will obtain contracts to handle it. Mr. Carte will probably do it himself here this season. Arthur Sullivan is now at work on the score, which will not be finished until November.

"Of course I saw Henry Irving; but I do not like him. Ellen Terry I think the most charming actress I ever saw, and second only to Bernhardt. She will be the star of Irving's company aside from the curiosity to see that gentleman. Tom Ochiltree and I saw Miss Terry act, and the next day he did nothing but halloo her praises all over London. I was present at rehearsals of Virginia, and was

surprised at the perfect manner in which they are carried on. The common chaperones are few on the stage all talking, whispering and laughing—none, and they are constantly attending to every detail. You have been apprised of Miss Russell's success, which, although moderate at first, is increasing. The simple story about the injection is this: No injunction nor proceedings for sue have been made. Threats have been plentiful, and at the last letter of Mr. Stanley's—concerning Mr. Brooks—Mr. Hollingshead as much as said: "See and be d—." She could be stopped by Brooks and Hollingshead forcing her to sing at the Savoy, where Carreras sang. Otherwise she sings with Hollingshead for a year, and orders have been given the council to defend her to the last.

"I paid some very enjoyable visits to George Sims. He and his partner, Mr. Clay, are hard at work upon the new opera for the new Alhambra. It is a heavy musical spectacle, not to be finished until early in November, and will cost £5,000 to mount. This is also claimed by Joseph Brooks, but the fact is has not been sold in America yet. Negotiations will be entertained, and I myself am acquainted with the price asked for it. *Comic* and the lighter opera will be in Alhambra and the lighter opera will be in Standard. Baldwin and Williams (Pascal Florian) are at work on a new opera. Walter Slaughter is also engaged on one. Solomon and Stephens' *White Sergeant* is almost ready, and when finished will end that firm. A new one will then be formed between Solomon and Sydney Grundy, who wrote the libretto for *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Farnie has completed the libretto for Planquette's new opera, *Nectarine*, which, I believe, Miss Ober has purchased for the Boston ideals. It has also been bought by several other managers here, if they can be believed. It's very funny that Conried, Field, a representative for Rice, McCaull and others, go over, and each in turn cables, 'I have bought up everything in Europe.' I witnessed the signature granting rights for German operatic productions to Mr. Amberg, of the Thalia. He was to sail from Hamburg last Saturday for New York.

"While away, I saw Miss Cavendish; also, Gus Livandas, well known here. I dined with Mr. Bancroft at his club; was also dined at the Beefsteak, Savage, Garrick, Jr., and Greenroom clubs. Had a delightful breakfast at Bronson Howard's lovely place, just five minutes walk from Charley Wyndham's. I also met your former correspondent, Howard Paul, who comes here to manage the Wyndhams."

A Chat with Dolaro.

Madame Selina Dolaro is one of those paradoxical women who are conspicuous for their quiet taste in dress and habitual modesty of deportment. On the street, in the park, or at a "first-night" she is not such a person as the laity point at with ill-bred curiosity and characterize in contemptuous tones "an actress." The reason that some professional ladies have suffered from impertinence of this kind may be found on analyzing their costumes, which are of the sort that attract uncomplimentary notice. A woman who dresses in good taste never runs the risk of calling down upon her head the censure, which, to a modest female, is most abhorrent. It is easy to avoid all unpleasant criticism by remembering the advice of one who was an example in such matters: never dress "too well." These thoughts were inspired by a view of Madame Dolaro on Broadway, Tuesday, and the reporter was so impressed by them that he approached the clever little woman, and entered into conversation with her, as she proceeded at a lively pace up town.

"Do I dress quietly?" said she. "There's nothing very remarkable about that. I believe an actress should separate her private life completely from that she leads while in the theatre. There is no reason why she should draw the notice of everybody by attire herself like a shop-girl out for a holiday. If there's anything that arouses my disgust it is to see a woman advertising her connection with the profession by wearing queer clothes and obtrusive hats in public. Talking 'shop' is another habit that a woman with any sense of delicacy or with any idea of refinement will sedulously shrink away from. I am glad to say that for the most part 'shop' is dealt in by amateurs and novices who want to create an impression that they are in the profession."

"The ladies you allude to as robing themselves conspicuously appear to hold a position among women analogous to that held by the much-ridiculed dude among the sterner sex?"

"Very much the same. And speaking of dudes reminds me that an impression has gone abroad that I float in a rosy atmosphere of dudism and that my one aim is to bring gladness to the hearts of the Metropolitan *jeunesse dorée*. Was ever anything more absurd? The fact, as you probably know, is that my ambition lies in a totally opposite direction to that of propitiating dudes. Many people wouldn't believe it, but I positively assure you that since I have been located in New York I have received not more than three or four letters from erotic young men and these have never taken the slightest trouble on my part to effectually squelch."

The reporter expressed surprise at what Madame Dolaro told him, subjoining that he supposed nearly all comic opera artists were afflicted with the persistent attentions of the chief lights of dudedom.

"You are right—they are usually. Once or twice my escape to the stage has done the injury to my reputation, and they are immediately attracted to every detail. You have been apprised of Miss Russell's success, which, although moderate at first, is increasing. The simple story about the injection is this: No injunction nor proceedings for sue have been made. Threats have been plentiful, and at the last letter of Mr. Stanley's—concerning Mr. Brooks—Mr. Hollingshead as much as said: 'See and be d—.'

"In your argument with Brooks and Hollingshead as to your intention to withdraw from the stage again in the future?"

"By no means. I have signed only for the run of *The Merry Barbara*; after that I shall play in my comedy, *Father*, at the Union Square. My desire, as you know, perhaps, is to retire from the field of light opera and stage dramatic work entirely. I feel I am suited to it, and I think the public, after having seen what I can do, will come with me. I have acted *Lady Teasle*, *Vivian* and other parts in England successfully, so I do not by any means consider myself a novelty in the illustration of dramatic roles."

"Is *Father* a play you have lately written?"

"It was completed not long ago. With the admirable cast and mounting Manners, Tracy and Collier will give it, I am confident of being secured every advantage when they endeavor to produce it. *Have I a strong part for myself in the play?* Yes, and no. The character which will be assigned McKee Rankin is the best in the piece. Baldwin and Williams (Pascal Florian) are at work on a new opera. Walter Slaughter is also engaged on one. Solomon and Stephens' *White Sergeant* is almost ready, and when finished will end that firm. A new one will then be formed between Solomon and Sydney Grundy, who wrote the libretto for *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Farnie has completed the libretto for Planquette's new opera, *Nectarine*, which, I believe, Miss Ober has purchased for the Boston ideals. It has also been bought by several other managers here, if they can be believed. It's very funny that Conried, Field, a representative for Rice, McCaull and others, go over, and each in turn cables, 'I have bought up everything in Europe.'

"Have you engaged to appear anywhere else besides the Square and the Standard this season?"

"Not yet; but I have several offers under consideration, as the newspaper paragraphs would put it. It is among the possibilities that another one of my plays will see the light of production in New York before another season comes round; but I can give no information of a definite nature in that regard." Here the chat came to an end.

—♦—

The Fourteenth St. Spectacle.

About one hundred and fifty persons will take part in *The Devil's Auction*. There will be some sixty dancers, and twenty scenes have been painted by *Harley Merry*. A *Mirage* reporter was admitted to the Fourteenth Street Theatre, yesterday morning, and allowed to witness a rehearsal of the ballet, while the dramatic part was gone through in the afternoon. From what was seen of the scenery, etc., and notes jotted on the quiet, the following is about what may be expected next Saturday evening. The first scene will disclose the haunted dell of gigantic mushrooms, as novel in its way as *Oscar Wilde's* cornfield at the Union Square Monday night will be. A wonderful instantaneous change of scene reveals the Androche Valley at daybreak,

The Flat and the Stage.

Characteristically prepared confidentially by the most dramatic critic that the grammar school and legal students to the right of Madison Square Garden. To many, if not most readers it may even appear that the professionals had any special interest in that occasion. On a closer examination, however, he found that the athletic was presented by a dramatic element, which is in fact a theatrical performance altogether. If scholarship or curiosity prompts any interest in it as a useful study, the reader will observe that the sole thing was a good deal in the students and in accordance with sense of high respectability.

There is now in a legitimate play eight parts contained that at first appears. In that play we have the antique or herald character of Pipp Wilkinson, who comes forward and announces a picture to be shown by John, of Birmingham, and Nat Lowell, later known as "Nelly," of London. In demands: "Now, gentlemen, you will see a complete exhibition of the science of self-defense; no slapping, no ballyhooing and no sing." This well over, Sullivan, the son of the piece, is described as springing lightly up the steps, darting between the ropes, nimbly crossing the platform and casting himself in the northeast corner in his accustomed attitude when at ease in dancing, with his arms outstretched upon the ropes. The antagonist Slade, the Maori, forewarning, as in the Greek tragedy, his coming down, goes through the ropes rather awkwardly and sits down in the southwest corner. In accordance with the great issue to be tried, the foolish chronicler notes that from the moment Slade appeared Sullivan fled his game spot him with the intensely eager and hungry look of a cat contemplating a mouse almost within reach. His head was dropped a little forward, his chin was thrust out, his eyes seemed blazing. Could Forrest do better than that?

The gloves are put on, the undershirts stripped off. Sullivan eyed the Maori even more keenly than before, and a contemptuous smile broke upon his lips. He had "sized him up." Still he kept furtive glancing at him, as if making mental memoranda of where he proposed to put in the "big licks." Slade—rôle of the play—did not seem desirous of precipitating the moment when he would have to attack the virtuous hero—John L. Sullivan—in the face. He looked in all other directions as if he would have preferred to be attending to other business elsewhere. The athletic drama was presented in three acts or rounds.

The strong points in the first act are clearly Slade's first lead and landing with his left on Sullivan's nose; the Maori driven rapidly into his corner by a succession of blows; getting out from his corner and clearing himself for a second by a clean backward spring to the middle of the stage; Sullivan's left-hander landed on Slade's left eye; Sullivan pouring in blows like a catapult; more furious rushes by Sullivan; a look of misery and regret upon the countenance of the Maori—and time called.

Act second is no less characteristic; Sullivan in his furious rally (according to the plot) fired in blows with both hands on the Maori's face, neck and throat, until he was beaten to his knees; Sullivan grins; Slade rallies and gets in two good solid punches on Sullivan's nose, which diversifies the action; they clinch, they punch each other's heads, while an overwrought spectator from the floor of the house yells to Sullivan: "It 'im in the belly! 't 'im in the belly!" How true to life and how dramatic!

Act Third is, in fact, but half an act, for in this species of drama, unlike the regular stage, the curtain is sent down when the business is finished. Sullivan went in on this round third to knock Maori out from the start and he did so, beating him down as before and finishing him with an upper cut on the nose as he bent his head down and away. Captain Williams then put a stop to the fight. This is strictly in accordance with classic tragedy, which does not admit of murder being done in the presence of the audience.

Contrasted with a regular stage performance we may say that the trouble with our actors is that they are not as willing as are the men of the twenty-four-foot arena to face the music. Ridiculously speaking does the eminent tragedian leap off with the left and land on the very nose of the stage villain; does he figuratively clear himself for a second by a clean backward spring upon the stage; does he fire in blows with both hands, so to speak, upon the Maori's face, neck and throat, changing it to an expression of misery and regret? Does he beat him to his knees—who in the audience makes so timely a suggestion as "It 'im in the belly?" Does the great (so-called) histrio go in to knock whom or whatever it may be, out from whom?

In a word, if our tragedians were as bold in attack upon the plot, the incidents and the characters of a new play as is the athlete upon the rôle of a new antagonist, we might speedily look for a reinvigoration of the American stage. Then perhaps might be re-sung the "Little Boston boy sitting on his father's knee," given in the Boston ballad commemorative of the reception of theistic thought on his return to the Hub after his triumph.

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